

J U L I A,

A

N O V E L;

INTERSPERSED WITH SOME

POETICAL PIECES.

BY

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

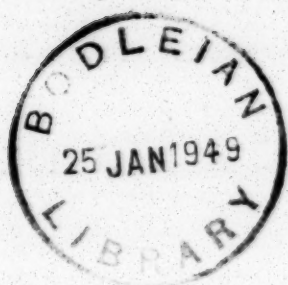
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V O L. I.

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D U B L I N:

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE purpose of these pages is to trace the danger arising from the uncontrouled indulgence of strong affections; not in those instances where they lead to the guilty excesses of passion in a corrupted mind—but, when disapproved by reason, and uncircumscribed by prudence, they involve even the virtuous in calamity; since, under the dominion of passion, if the horror of remorse may be avoided, misery at least is inevitable; and, though we do not become the slaves of vice, we must yield ourselvee the victims of sorrow.

The materials of the following sketch are taken from nature. The perfection, however, of a picture does not depend on the colours, but on the hand on which they are blended; and, perhaps, the pen which records this narrative may, in vain, have attempted to rescue it from oblivion.

I have been encouraged, by the indulgence which my former poems have met with, to intersperse some poetical pieces in these volumes; but the uncertainty of being able to engage the continuance of favour, leads me to offer these farther productions in verse, with as little confidence as this first attempt in prose.

JULIA:

# ADVERTISING

The purpose of this advertisement is to inform the public of the various services and products offered by the company. We are proud to provide a wide range of goods and services that meet the needs of our customers. Our commitment to quality and customer satisfaction is our top priority. We invite you to explore our offerings and experience the difference for yourself. For more information, please contact us at [phone number] or visit our website at [website address].

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J U L I A:

A

N O V E L.

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C H A P. I.

**A**N Officer, to whom we shall give the name of Clifford, derived from his ancestors a very honourable descent, being able to trace their possession of an estate in the northern part of England thro' several centuries. That estate, however, was dissipated by the imprudence and extravagance of his parents; and Captain Clifford, who had received a very liberal education, and was brought up with the expectation of an ample inheritance, found his only remaining possession was his commission in the army. He married a beautiful young woman, the daughter of a neighbouring family, to whom he had been long attached, and who died a few years after their marriage, leaving him one daughter. To this child he transferred

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the

the tenderness he had felt for her mother, and undertook himself the charge of her education. Dispirited by his domestic misfortune, wounded by the disappointment of his early views in life, and the mortification of seeing many raised above him in the army, because he was unable to purchase promotion, he retired in disgust, and lived upon a captain's half-pay, in a small village in the neighbourhood of London, where his father, who was far advanced in years, made a part of his family.

In this retreat Captain Clifford found consolation and employment, in devoting his time to the improvement of his daughter; and his own mind being highly cultivated, she derived greater advantages from his instructions than she could have received from the most expensive education, under a less anxious as well as a less able preceptor.

Nature had liberally bestowed upon Julia Clifford the powers of the understanding, and the virtues of the heart: her sensibility was quick, her disposition affectionate, and her taste was improved by the society of her father, till it attained an uncommon degree of elegance and refinement; but of her superiority to others she seemed intirely unconscious. Her manners were perfectly modest and unassuming; her conversation simple and unstudied; she spoke from the impulse of her heart, and she possessed the most amiable candour and frankness of disposition. Julia was above the middle size: her figure had not been much moulded by the dancing-master; but nature had given it a gracefulness "beyond the reach of art." She had a madona face, and an expression of intelligence and sensibility in her countenance, infinitely engaging.

Captain Clifford's younger brother, after the paternal estate was disposed of, went in pursuit of fortune to the East Indies—he was a man of a plain under-



understanding and an excellent heart. Just in his principles, and generous in his disposition, he acquired wealth slowly, but honourably. Mr. Clifford married at Bengal, and his only daughter, Charlotte, was sent when a child to England for education, and committed to the care of her aunt Mrs. Melbourne, the sister of Charlotte's mother.—At eighteen Charlotte was taken from school at Queen Square, to live with her aunt, till the return of her father from the East Indies. Charlotte was one of those sweet lively characters, whose unaffected manners and invariable good-humour strongly engage the affections, and with whom one would wish to pass thro' life. The gay powers of wit and fancy are like those brilliant phænomena which sometimes glow in the sky, and dazzle the eye of the beholder by their luminous and uncommon appearances; while sweetness of temper has a resemblance to that gentle star, whose benign influence gilds alike the morning and the evening. But the distinguishing and most amiable trait of Charlotte's character, was her perfect exemption from envy. She was sensible of her inferiority to Julia, whom she tenderly loved; and whenever any preference was shewn to herself she seemed conscious of its injustice. Quite content to remain in the back-ground, she embraced with the most natural and lively pleasure every opportunity of displaying the accomplishments of her cousin.—Charlotte was little, her features were not regular, but her countenance had a very agreeable and animated expression. Her chief motive for rejoicing at her removal from school, was the hope of a more frequent intercourse with Julia, for her aunt had small hold on her affections.

Mrs. Melbourne's maiden name was Wilson—her father, who was an eminent merchant in the city,

became a bankrupt when she had just attained her twenty-third year. A young man who had been her father's clerk, and was now married and engaged in a flourishing business, invited Miss Wilton, from a principle of gratitude towards her father, to take up her residence at his house, where his wife received her with great kindness. Meanwhile her younger sister, who was then eighteen years of age, was fitted out at the expence of her relations, and sent to the East Indies in pursuit of a husband; or rather in search of the golden fleece, which is certainly the aim of such adventurers, and the husband is merely the means of attaining it.—The God of Love in the East frames his arrows of massy gold; takes the feathers of his quiver not from the soft wing of his mother's dove, but from the gaudy plumage of the peacock; and points all his shafts with the bright edge of a diamond.—Miss Charlotte Wilton was married soon after her arrival in Bengal to Mr. Clifford, and died some years before his return to England.

At the house where Miss Wilton found an asylum, Mr. Melbourne frequently visited, the mistress of the house being his near relation.—He was a man of parts, and had attained considerable eminence in the law, a profession in which above all others eminence is honourable, since it is invariably connected with distinction of mind.—Miss Wilton was tolerably handsome, and Mr. Melbourne paid her some attention; she had an admirable degree of sagacity, and perceived that this young man, notwithstanding his superior understanding, was the dupe of vanity. She soon betrayed the most violent passion for him; and this display of fondness, which would probably have excited disgust and aversion in a man of delicacy, had a very different effect on Mr. Melbourne. He was handsome,

some, and vain of his figure, as well as of his talents—he did not think it unlikely that he should inspire a violent passion—Miss Wilson appeared desperate in her love; and he married her in good nature, and merely to prevent suicide. Mrs. Melbourne continuing with great judgment to flatter his weaknesses, he made her an excellent husband, and at his death left her a considerable jointure, and her daughter an independent fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

Mrs. Melbourne had a large acquaintance, by whom she was respected as a woman of sense, but not beloved; for her manners were stiff and disagreeable.—She gave some alms to the poor, because she thought a little charity was requisite to secure a good place in heaven; but she found no duty more difficult, and wished that any other had been enjoined in its place. “One cannot help pitying the unfortunate,” (she would exclaim) “and yet there is not one in a thousand who is not so in consequence of imprudence; one must therefore be sorry for the imprudent, or not sorry at all.” She penetrated with nice discernment into the characters of her acquaintances; could perceive all their follies, and descant upon them with great acuteness;—no foible escaped her accurate observation; and her friends met with none of that species of partiality which shades the weaknesses of those we love. Whenever her visitors departed, they were sure of being analysed, and of having their defects weighed in a rigorous scale, without the slightest peculiarity being omitted. She had, indeed, too strict a regard for truth to invent any slanders of her acquaintance. All Mrs. Melbourne could be charged with, was interpreting every word and action her own way, which was invariably the worst way possible; and with  
great



great perseverance refusing to assign a good motive for any thing, when a bad one could be found. She often remained silent in company, while she was storing her memory with materials for future animadversion; and Mrs. Melbourne's memory was like a bird of prey, which seizes on such food as milder natures would reject. This lady was unfortunately quick in discovering imperfection, but very liable to overlook what was worthy of regard: she left others to enjoy the flowers which are scattered over the path of life, while she employed herself in counting the weeds which grew among them. She might, indeed, have acknowledged with Iago, "that it was her nature's plague to spy into abuses;" and might properly enough have added with him, that "oft her jealousy shap'd faults that were not." In her family Mrs. Melbourne was morose and ill-humoured. She scolded her servants with little intermission, which she considered an indispensable part of the province of a good housewife; and her servants, whom habit had reconciled to reproach, listened to her with the most perfect indifference; as those who live near the fall of a cataract, or on the banks of the ocean, hear at length the rushing of the torrent, or the rage of the billows, without being sensible of the sounds. The only seasons memorable for Mrs. Melbourne's tenderness were, when any of her connections or family were ill. She was then the most courteous creature existing, and began to love them with all her might, as if she thought there was no time to lose, and that she must endeavour to crowd such an extraordinary degree of fondness into the short space which was left, as might counterbalance her neglect or unkindness through the whole course of their lives. The way to make her regard permanent was to die—her affection was  
violent



violent when her friends came to the last gasp ; and after having settled the matter with her own conscience by these parting demonstrations of sorrow, she submitted with pious resignation to her loss. The ruling passion of Mrs. Melbourne's soul was her love of her daughter ; but it was carried to an excess that rendered it illiberal and selfish : her mind resembled a convex glass, and every ray of affection in her bosom was concentrated in one small point. She considered every fine young woman as the rival of Miss Melbourne, and hated them in proportion as they merited regard. She could not forgive Julia for being young, beautiful, accomplished, and amiable, till her own daughter was married. After that period she pardoned these intrusive qualities ; and at the request of Charlotte, upon her removal from school, invited Julia to spend a short time at her house in Hanover-square.

## C H A P. II.

**J**ULIA discovered at a very early age a particular sensibility to poetry. When she was eight years old she composed a poem on the departure of one of her young companions, in which she displayed, with great diligence, her whole stock of classical knowledge; and obliged all the heathen gods and goddesses, whose names she had been taught, to pass in succession, like the shades of Banquo's line. Her father did not discourage this early fondness for the muse, because he believed that a propensity for any elegant art was a source of happiness.

Perhaps more lasting reputation has been acquired by the powers of the imagination, than by any other faculty of the human mind. But even where the talents of the poet are altogether inadequate to the acquisition of fame, the cultivation of them may still confer the most soothing enjoyment. Though the soil may not be favourable to the growth of the immortal laurel, it may produce some plants of transitory verdure. Perhaps the most precious property of poetry is, that of leading the mind from the gloomy mists of care, or the black clouds of misfortune, which sometimes gather round the path of life, to scenes bright with sunshine, and blooming with beauty.

We shall venture to insert the following Address to Poetry, written by Julia a short time before her visit to town, as a proof of her fondness for that charming art.

A N  
A D D R E S S  
T O  
P O E T R Y.

**W**HILE envious crowds the summit view,  
Where danger with ambition strays ;  
Or far, with anxious step, pursue  
Pale av'rice, thro' his winding ways ;  
The selfish passions in their train,  
Whose force the social ties unbind,  
And chill the love of human kind,  
And make fond Nature's best emotions vain ;

Oh Poesy ! Oh nymph most dear,  
To whom I early gave my heart,  
Whose voice is sweetest to my ear  
Of aught in nature or in art ;  
Thou, who canst all my breast controul,  
Come, and thy harp of various cadence bring,  
And long with melting music swell the string  
That suits the present temper of my soul.

Oh ! ever gild my path of woe,  
And I the ills of life can bear ;  
Let but thy lovely visions glow,  
And chase the forms of real care ;  
Oh still, when tempted to repine  
At partial fortune's frown severe,  
Wipe from my eyes the anxious tear,  
And whisper, that thy soothing joys are mine ?

When did my fancy ever frame  
A dream of joy by thee unblest ?  
When first my lips pronounc'd thy name,  
New pleasure warm'd my infant breast.

I lov'd to form the jingling rhyme,  
 The measur'd sounds, tho' rude, my ear could please,  
 Could give the little pains of childhood ease,  
 And long have sooth'd the keener pains of time.

The idle crowd in fashion's train,  
 Their trifling comment, pert reply,  
 Who talk so much, yet talk in vain,  
 How pleas'd for thee, Oh nymph, I fly!  
 For thine is all the wealth of mind,  
 Thine the unborrow'd gems of thought,  
 The flash of light, by souls refin'd,  
 From heav'n's empyreal source exulting caught.

And ah! when destin'd to forego  
 The social hour with those I love,  
 That charm which brightens all below,  
 That joy all other joys above,  
 And dearer to this breast of mine,  
 Oh Muse! than aught thy magic power can give;  
 Then on the gloom of lonely sadness shine,  
 And bid thy airy forms around me live.

Thy page, Oh SHAKESPEARE! let me view,  
 Thine, at whose name my bosom glows;  
 Proud that my earliest breath I drew  
 In that blest isle where Shakespeare rose!—  
 Where shall my dazzled glances roll?  
 Shall I pursue gay Ariel's flight,  
 Or wander where those hags of night  
 With deeds unnam'd shall freeze my trembling soul?

Plunge me, foul sisters! in the gloom  
 Ye wrap around yon blasted heath,  
 To hear the harrowing rite I come,  
 That calls the angry shades from death!—  
 Away—my frightened bosom spare!  
 Let true Cordelia pour her filial sigh,  
 Let Desdemona lift her pleading eye,  
 And poor Ophelia sing in wild despair!

When



When the bright noon of summer streams  
 In one wide flash of lavish day,  
 As soon shall mortal count the beams,  
 As tell the powers of Shakespeare's lay ;  
 Oh Nature's Poet ! the untaught  
 The simple mind thy tale pursues,  
 And wonders by what art it views  
 The perfect image of each native thought.

In those still moments when the breast,  
 Expanded, leaves its cares behind,  
 Glows by some higher thought possess'd,  
 And feels the energies of mind ;  
 Then, awful MILTON, raise the veil  
 That hides from human eye the heav'nly throng !  
 Immortal sons of light ! I hear your song,  
 I hear your high-tun'd harps creation hail !

Well might creation claim your care,  
 And well the string of rapture move,  
 When all was perfect, good, and fair,  
 When all was music, joy, and love !  
 Ere evil's inauspicious birth  
 Chang'd nature's harmony to strife ;  
 And wild remorse, abhorring life,  
 And deep affliction, spread their shade on earth.

Blest Poesy ! Oh sent to calm  
 The human pains which all must feel ;  
 Still shed on life thy precious balm,  
 And every wound of nature heal !  
 Is there a heart of human frame  
 Along the burning track of torrid light,  
 Or 'mid the fearful waste of polar night,  
 That never glow'd at thy inspiring name ?

Ye southern isles, emerg'd so late \*  
 Where the pacific billow rolls,  
 Witness, tho' rude your simple state,  
 How heav'n-taught verse can melt your souls :

Say,

\* " The song of the bards or minstrels of Otaheite was unpremeditated,

Say, when you hear the wand'ring bard,  
How thrill'd ye listen to his lay,  
By what kind arts ye court his stay,  
All savage life affords, his sure reward.

So, when great Homer's chiefs prepare,  
A while from war's rude toils releas'd,  
The pious hecatomb, and share  
The flowing bowl, and genial feast:  
Some heav'nly minstrel sweeps the lyre,  
While all applaud the poet's native art,  
For him they heap the viands choicest part,  
And copious goblets crown the muses fire.

Ev'n *here*, in scenes of pride and gain,  
Where faint each genuine feeling glows;  
*Here*, Nature asks, in want and pain,  
The dear illusions verse bestows;  
The poor, from hunger, and from cold,  
Spare one small coin, the ballad's price;  
Admire their poet's quaint device,  
And marvel much at all his rhymes unfold.

Ye children, lost in forests drear,  
Still o'er your wrongs each bosom grieves,  
And long the red-breast shall be dear  
Who strew'd each little corpse with leaves;  
For you, my earliest tears were shed,  
For you, the gaudy doll I pleas'd forsook,  
And heard with hands up-rais'd, and eager look,  
The cruel tale, and wish'd ye were not dead!

And still on Scotia's northern shore,  
"At times, between the rushing blast,"  
Recording mem'ry loves to pour  
The mournful song of ages past;

Come,

premeditated, and accompanied with music. They were continually going about from place to place; and they were rewarded by the master of the house with such things as the one wanted, and the other could spare."

Come, lonely bard " of other years!"  
 While dim the half-seen moon of varying skies,  
 While sad the wind along the grey-moss sighs,  
 And give my pensive heart " the joy of tears!"

The various tropes that splendour dart  
 Around the modern poet's line,  
 Where, borrow'd from the sphere of art,  
 Unnumber'd gay allusions shine,  
 Have not a charm my breast to please  
 Like the blue mist, the meteor's beam,  
 The dark-brow'd rock, the mountain stream,  
 And the light thistle waving in the breeze.

Wild Poesy, in haunts sublime,  
 Delights her lofty note to pour ;  
 She loves the hanging rock to climb,  
 And hear the sweeping torrent roar :  
 The little scene of cultur'd grace  
 But faintly her expanded bosom warms ;  
 She seeks the daring stroke, the awful charms,  
 Which Nature's pencil throws on Nature's face.

Oh Nature ! thou whose works divine  
 Such rapture in this breast inspire,  
 As makes me dream one spark is mine  
 Of Poesy's celestial fire ;  
 When doom'd for London smoke to leave  
 The kindling morn's unfolding view,  
 Which ever wears some aspect new,  
 And all the shadowy forms of soothing eve ;

Then, THOMSON, then be ever near,  
 And paint whatever season reigns ;  
 Still let me see the varying year,  
 And worship Nature in thy strains ;  
 Now, when the wintry tempests roll,  
 Unfold their dark and desolating form,  
 Risk in the savage madness of the storm,  
 And spread those horrors that exalt my soul.

And

And PoPE, the music of thy verse  
 Shall winter's dreary gloom dispel,  
 And fond remembrance oft rehearse  
 The moral song she knows so well ;  
 The sportive sylphs shall flutter here,  
 There Eloise, in anguish pale,  
 " Kifs with cold lips the sacred veil,  
 " And drop with every bead too soft a tear !"

When disappointment's sick'ning pain,  
 With chilling sadness numbs my breast,  
 That feels its dearest hope was vain,  
 And bids its fruitless struggles rest ;  
 When those for whom I wish to live,  
 With cold suspicion wrong my aching heart ;  
 Or, doom'd from those for ever lov'd to part,  
 And feel a sharper pang than death can give ;

Then with the mournful bard I go,  
 Whom " melancholy mark'd her own,"  
 While tolls the curfew, solemn, slow,  
 And wander amid' graves unknown ;  
 With yon pale orb, lov'd poet, come !  
 While from those elms long shadows spread,  
 And where the lines of light are shed,  
 Read the fond record of the rustic tomb !

Or let me o'er old Conway's flood  
 Hang on the frowning rock, and trace  
 The characters, that wove in blood,  
 Stamp'd the dire fate of Edward's race ;  
 Proud tyrant, tear thy laurel'd plume ;  
 How poor thy vain pretence to deathless fame !  
 The injur'd muse records thy lasting shame,  
 And she has power to " ratify thy doom,"

Nature, when first she smiling came,  
 To wake within the human breast  
 The sacred muses hallow'd flame,  
 And earth, with heav'n's rich spirit blest !

Nature



Nature in that auspicious hour,  
With awful mandate, bade the bard  
The register of glory guard,  
And gave him o'er all mortal honours power.

Can fame on painting's aid rely,  
Or lean on sculpture's trophy'd bust ?  
The faithless colours bloom to die,  
The crumbling pillar mocks its trust ;  
But thou, oh muse, immortal maid !  
Canst paint the godlike deeds that praise inspire,  
Or worth that lives but in the mind's desire,  
In tints that only shall with Nature fade !

Oh tell me, partial nymph ! what rite,  
What incense sweet, what homage true,  
Draws from thy fount of purest light  
The flame it lends a chosen few ?

Alas ! these lips can never frame  
The mystic vow that moves thy breast ;  
Yet by thy joys my life is blest,  
And my fond soul shall consecrate thy name.

## C H A P. III.

**J**ULIA, for the first time, accepted with pleasure Mrs. Melbourne's invitation; for her former visits to that lady had been productive only of weariness and disgust. She had always been treated by Miss Melbourne with great neglect, and by her most intimate companions, the Hon. Miss C——'s, with particular rudeness. Miss Melbourne had discernment enough to perceive Julia's merit, and, had she been more obliged to fortune, and less to nature, would have valued her acquaintance highly; but no honour could have been gained with people of *ton*, by an intimacy with one in Julia's situation; while, at the same time, her engaging qualities would have perpetually been in the way, and obtruded themselves in a manner very troublesome to Miss Melbourne. Her bosom friends, the Hon. Miss C——'s, had an unconquerable antipathy to female beauty: they agreed with many wise men in the opinion, that beauty often proves fatal to the possessor; but, notwithstanding this conviction, these ladies had the magnanimity to wish that this dangerous property had been entirely confined to themselves.

The eldest of these sisters, who had just reached her twenty-eighth year, had also an insuperable aversion to the age of nineteen. Julia, therefore, who had the accumulated misfortune of being beautiful, and just nineteen, was the object of general dislike to these ladies. The Miss C——'s, who were of all Mrs. Melbourne's parties, usually placed themselves in a corner of the room with  
Miss

Miss Melbourne, and found amusement in laughing at the rest of the company as they entered. When any gentleman approached their circle, the laugh was increased; for they were of that order of young ladies who, having heard of the attractions of sprightliness, affect perpetual mirth, and fancy that vivacity consists in a titter, and wit in a pert remark: yet it was easy to discern that their gaiety was artificial, because it was always beyond what the occasion justified. It resembled those flowers which are reared in winter by the force of art, and are destitute of that delicious fragrance which nature only can bestow. Miss Melbourne and the Miss C——'s had long been on a very intimate footing, professed the most violent mutual regard, and were commonly called friends: yet this intimacy, which was dignified with the name of friendship, had no other foundation than selfishness; for, had Miss Melbourne renounced her balls and concerts, or the Miss C——'s been deprived of their rank, this sentimental intercourse would instantly have terminated: mean while their affection appeared fervent, because it was untried; and durable, because it was yet unshaken by misfortune. Miss Melbourne was lately married; the visits of the Miss C——'s were therefore no longer frequent at her mother's house; and Julia looked forward to nothing but pleasure in the society of the affectionate and amiable Charlotte. She also promised herself a new kind of gratification, in mixing for a while with the gay and elegant parties at Mr. Seymour's, the gentleman whom Miss Melbourne had married, and who indulged her in her fondness for splendor and dissipation.—Nature, who had been avaricious of the qualities of taste and sensibility to Mrs. Melbourne, had given an accumulated portion of both to her daughter, together with  
more

more than an hereditary share of beauty. She was a painter and a musician; but her vanity perverted every natural and acquired talent, "grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength," and kept pace with her understanding and accomplishments. Vanity made her selfish; for she was so extravagantly fond of admiration, that, in the continual pursuit of it, she could think only of herself, and forgot all the claims of others. But she felt that sentiment was amiable; she was, therefore, made up of sentiment:—she also knew, that persons of refinement were often, from the wayward circumstances of life, extremely miserable; she, therefore, deemed discontent the test of feeling, and, with scarcely a wish ungratified, she thought that to be happy, with what would make any vulgar mind happy, would be only proving that she was dull.—She spoke, therefore, in a plaintive voice, and often complained of melancholy, but left the cause of it concealed: which was such as no understanding could penetrate, and no heart could guess. Sometimes, indeed, she smiled, while she descanted, in well-chosen words, on what was weak, low, or ridiculous; but the pensive cast of countenance quickly returned, and an affected sigh explained the difficulty she felt in assuming gaiety. If she carved at table, or made tea, she did both with a sort of slow and solemn movement, to convince the company that she was in a frame of mind, from which it cost her a cruel effort to descend to the common offices of life. She seemed to think eating a coarse and vulgar toil; and her conversation frequently wandered from a roasted duck to Minerva's owl, or Jove's eagle. She could not hear an Italian air without weeping; she pitied the miseries of the poor in very pathetic language; and lamented being obliged, in conformity



mity to her situation in life, to spend much more than she wished upon dress, which put it out of her power, in the account of her annual expences, to reckon the claims of benevolence, and confined her to a negative sort of good-will towards the unfortunate. Yet she often declared, that she complied with the rules of fashion, merely because she thought such complaisance fit and right. If Mrs. Seymour's notions on this subject were just, and conformity to fashion is virtue, how extensive was her merit! how upright had been the past, how perfect was the present, and how certain was the prospect of future excellence!—But she did not recollect that it is easy to discern whether the motive from which we act be duty or inclination; our obedience is so much more exact in the one case than in the other. If she had been swayed solely by the former principle, there would probably have been sometimes a little relaxation in the labours of the toilet; nor would every ribbon and feather have been placed in such unquestionable submission to the last mode.

When Mrs. Seymour received company, she advanced to meet them not with the pleasure which kindness or affection dictates. She spoke to her visitors as if she were interested in what she said, but she scarcely knew what it was. She was not thinking of the persons who had just entered: her concern was that her manner of receiving them might be thought graceful by the spectators. She was scarcely ever at home, but spent her time in lamenting, wherever she went, the fatigues of a large acquaintance. She imposed upon herself the duty of going to every ball, or card-assembly, to which she was invited; but performed the rigadon step, and dealt the cards, with sentimental pensiveness, and as if she were fully persuaded that dancing was vanity, and whist vexation of spirit.

Her

Her complaints, however gracefully delivered, were often ill-timed: she would invite a social party to dinner, and then, instead of promoting cheerfulness and good-humour, be languishingly mournful the whole day. The nightingale judges better than Mrs. Seymour did, for *she* never begins her elegies of woe amidst the freshness of the morning, and a lustre of a bright horizon, when we would rather listen to the rapture of the lark; but waits till the fading scenery, and the melancholy of twilight, shall dispose us for a dirge. But in truth, though Mrs. Seymour affected the plaintive notes of the nightingale, she had no congenial taste with that pathetic bird for the shade, but was as fond of sunshine as the lark himself.

## C H A P. IV.

ON her arrival in town, Julia expressed a great desire to go to the theatre; and Mrs. Seymour engaged a box at Drury-lane for the next evening, when the tragedy of Douglas was performed. Julia admired with enthusiasm that charming play, which never "oversteps the modesty of nature," and is so true to her genuine feelings; but which had not, till some years after this period, its full effect upon the heart, in having the part of Lady Randolph represented by Mrs. Siddons, whose power over the human passions it is far more easy to feel than to delineate.

Julia and her cousin went to dinner at Mrs. Seymour's, and were anxious to reach the theatre before the performance began; Mrs. Seymour affected to wish so too; but, after the carriage came, she found so many pretences for delay, that the first act was almost over before they reached their box. This was what Mrs. Seymour desired: she chose to excite attention by disturbing the performance, and drawing the looks of the audience from the stage to herself. When she was seated, she began talking to Julia with great seeming earnestness, who was too much engaged by the scene before her to pay attention to Mrs. Seymour's remarks; and indeed that lady did not desire it: her whole mind was occupied in performing her own part gracefully, while she remained an object of general observation. She spoke to be *looked at*, not to be *heard*; and her lips moved, or were still, from no other impulse than as she thought speech or

or silence would have the best effect in perspective.

Julia and Charlotte soon became deeply absorbed in the sorrows of Lady Randolph, and their tears flowed often and irresistibly. Mrs. Seymour now thought proper to display her sensibility too, of which she really possessed a considerable share; but in her eagerness to discover her feelings in the most pathetic parts, to shew her admiration of the finest passages, and to weep at the precise moment when it would do her taste most honour, she lost the charm of the illusion; and her sympathy was so interrupted by her vanity, that at length she could scarcely force a tear; and all that was left in her power, was to lean in a pensive attitude on the side of the box, and assume a look of dejection.

The next day Julia went with Mrs. Melbourne and Charlotte to dine at Mrs. Seymour's, where a large company was assembled.

Mr. Seymour's was a house of show, rather than of hospitality; a house where ostentatious entertainments were occasionally given with the most lavish expence, but where no intimate guests were led by friendship, and detained by kindness; for that cordial welcome which springs from the heart, was in this family neither understood nor practised.

The company were obliged to wait dinner some time for Mr. Charles Seymour, who was always too late by rule, which he very methodically observed. Mr. Charles Seymour was the youngest brother of Mr. Seymour, and had, thro' his interest, obtained a place at court. He was a young man of weak understanding, but he made up in pliability and finess, what he wanted in good sense. His person was genteel, he had acquired a graceful ease of manner, danced well, dressed with  
elegance,



elegance, courted the great by all those little attentions which only little minds can pay, and was rewarded for his assiduity by frequent invitations to splendid and fashionable parties. He was a young man whose acquaintance every lady, when she gave a ball, was proud to acknowledge, and happy to embrace; for he seemed made on purpose for such an occasion, and, whenever it occurred, was found a treasure to society; for he was the leader of cotillons, the example of fashion, and the oracle of etiquette.

The company who now waited for him at his brother's house, began to appear tired. The gentlemen had finished the politics of the day, and the ladies had discussed the subject of the opera; besides having descanted for a considerable time on the complexion, features, age, person, voice, and manners of a young lady, who had the week before made a great marriage, to which the Hon. Miss C——'s insisted she had not the smallest pretension. Fashionable conversation is not very extensive: it goes on rapidly for a while, in a certain routine of topics, and reminds us of our street-musicians, who, by turning a screw, produce a set of tunes on the hand-organ; but when they have gone through a limited number, the instrument will do no more, and the performer hastens to a distant street, where the same sounds may be repeated to a new set of auditors.

Mr. Seymour, with some displeasure, rang the bell for dinner, and at that moment Mr. Charles Seymour was announced. He heard with the most polite nonchalance, that he had kept the company waiting, muttering however something between his teeth of his having been particularly hurried that morning.

The

The conversation at dinner opened a new fund of knowledge to Julia. She found that among the fashionable world eating had become a science. The gentlemen were all skilled in the complicated art of cookery, talked in a decisive tone of the proper flavour of every dish, discriminated with the nicest accuracy the different ingredients of the sauces, devoured each other's remarks with "greedy ear," and seemed to take as much heart-felt satisfaction in the delineation of a ragoût, as "if to live well, meant nothing but to eat."

The ladies left a dissertation on French wines unfinished, and returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Seymour ordered coffee, and the gentlemen soon followed. Mr. Seymour, who was much charmed with Julia, though he had no leisure for admiration at dinner, began a conversation with her, which she found extremely agreeable, and which promised her some compensation for all she had heard of ragoûts, and French wines; but which was almost immediately interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Melbourne's carriage; who instantly hurried away to a card-assembly, followed by Charlotte and Julia, who, as she went down stairs, could not help repeating to herself, with the author of the Epistle of Spleen,

"Defend us, ye kind gods! tho' sinners,  
"From many days like this, or dinners."

The week following, Mrs. Seymour gave a dance. The splendor of the apartments, elegantly decorated, and illuminated; the gaiety of the company, the cheerfulness of music, and the animation of dancing, were all highly delightful to Julia, to whom such scenes had the charm of novelty. She was much admired, and was asked to dance by some young men of rank, whom the Hon. Miss

C——'s had in their own minds appropriated to themselves. This was at once so mortifying, and so strange, that the Miss C——'s wished there were no such entertainment as a ball; or at least, that the men had no such impertinent privilege as a choice of partners, since they were so apt to chuse ill, and make the evening disagreeable. Envy is a malignant enchanter, who, when benignant genii have scattered flowers in profusion over the path of the traveller, waves his evil rod, and converts the scene of fertility into a desert.

Mr. F——, the gentleman who paid Julia the most marked attention, was a man of family and fortune, as well as of considerable talents; and was a particular favourite with Mrs. Seymour, who valued superior abilities when they were united with fortune, and could be found within that fashionable circle, beyond the limits of which no promise of intellectual enjoyment could have tempted her to stray; for she could perceive no beauty in the gems of wit or fancy, unless their light was thrown from a particular situation, and blended with the lustre of wealth. Mr. F—— was intirely occupied by Julia, and perfectly insensible of Mrs. Seymour's mortification; who secretly resolved not to invite that young lady the next time she gave a dance. She came frequently to that part of the room where Julia was sitting, and spoke to her oftener than was necessary, when so large a company required her attention. She tried to catch the tone of Mr. F——'s mind, advanced with a pensive air when she saw him look serious, and dressed her face in smiles when she observed that he was conversing with gaiety. These transitions she performed with admirable skill; but, far from producing the effect she desired, they were not even observed by the person



to whom they were directed. With inexpressible chagrin she perceived, that when Julia danced with any other person, Mr. F—— sat down and contemplated her figure. Mrs. Seymour felt the tears of vexation fill her eyes; she had never met with any incident so provoking; there is surely, thought she, a perverse and contradictory spirit in man, which makes the whole sex odious. Any evening but this, she would have forgiven Mr. F——; but to choose her own ball-room for the theatre of her mortification, was refining on ill-nature. Any evening but this, she would have attributed his preference of Julia to some neglect of her own person; an unbecoming cap, or too pale a ribbon: but on this occasion there was no such refuge for her vanity; for she was dressed with the most studied elegance, and rouged with the most careful delicacy. She recalled the general idea of her own figure in the looking-glass after the labours of the toilet were finished, and found no room for self-reproach on account of inattention to her appearance. Her retentive memory then traced each particular part of her dress, the posture of every curl, the arrangement of every flower, and the flow of every feather, and found no subject of dissatisfaction even in this minute retrospection. She well remembered that no toil had been omitted, no time had been spared, nothing overlooked, or unfinished: her aim had been perfection, and her efforts were proportionably arduous to attain it. She determined, however, to hide her real sensations under the appearance of particular gaiety: she danced continually, and laughed excessively whenever she came within sight or hearing of Mr. F——, though she would much rather have cried, if she had thought crying would have suited her purpose as well.

Whenever



Whenever Miss C—— was not asked to dance by a man of fashion, she suddenly grew tired, and chose to sit down; where she remained with inquietude in her looks, and spite in her conversation. What so wretched as a neglected beauty of the *ton*, when the gay images of coronets, titles, and equipages, which have long floated in her imagination, and seemed within her grasp, at length vanish, as the luxuriant colours of an evening sky fade by degrees into the sadness of twilight? Her feelings are more acute than those of a losing gamester, as she is compelled in secret to acknowledge some deficiency in her own powers of attraction, to cast an oblique reflection on nature, as well as fortune, and has no hope of retrieving her disappointments, since the fairies have long ago used every drop of that precious water which could renew expiring beauty.

Miss C—— was seated for a short time next Julia, and began to relate anecdotes to the disadvantage of some of the company present, with whom she appeared to be on a footing of great cordiality: anecdotes of this kind she was careful to collect, and happy not merely to detail but embellish. This lady had some powers of ridicule, and could sprinkle over her discourse a little smart repartee, which many people mistook for talents. She delighted to play at quart and tierce in conversation; but her weapons were very blunt, compared to the fine-edged instruments of genuine wit. Julia, however, made it an invariable rule, not only never to speak slander, but never to listen to it. She considered it as one of those poisons, which not only corrode the frame they touch, but whose subtle venom infects the purity of the surrounding air: she therefore fled from such com-

munication with disgust, and obliged Miss C—— to go in search of a more willing auditor.

Mr. Charles Seymour danced with the Miss C——'s most indefatigably, went with unwearied perseverance from one sister to the other, and divided his attentions between them with most exact propriety; repeated to each of them all the fashionable cant he had acquired; laughed when they laughed, and was of the same opinion with them on every subject; muttering every syllable with his teeth almost closed, and his face as close to his fair partners as propriety would admit. When he had fulfilled his duty to the Miss C——'s, he deliberated with himself upon the next object of his choice, which required a little reflection. Mr. Charles Seymour admired beauty, but he was one of those prudent young men, who are too well trained in the school of the world, to be the dupes of any tender sensibility. He chose his partners at a dance by other rules than the proportion of their features, or the grace of their persons: the darts poured from bright eyes fell blunted on his heart, unless the fair object had the more solid recommendation of fortune. To such only he devoted his gallantry; for even when he had no particular view of engaging their regard, he considered their acquaintance as useful, and their favour as tending towards the accomplishment of his ultimate aim in life, which was to acquire distinction, and obtain interest in the fashionable world.

Charlotte had the prospect of a larger fortune than any young woman at the dance, but then it depended on certain contingencies. The other young women had their property in possession.— Mr. Charles Seymour, after making a hasty calculation of the difference between a hundred thousand

sand pounds at Bengal, and ten thousand in the bank of England—after gliding in imagination over the boundless ocean through which the gold must pass, considering the stormy Cape which must be doubled, and the “moving accidents by flood and field” which must be hazarded—at length recollected how much eastern gold had happily surmounted these perils, and, without farther deliberation, decided in favour of Charlotte. He endeavoured to entertain her in the same manner he had done the Miss C——’s; but Charlotte was equally insensible to all his fashionable grimaces, and indifferent to his conversation. She had, indeed, the happiest face of the whole group; pleasure and exultation sparkled in her eyes. Her manner of thinking on the subject of a ball was entirely different from that of the Hon. Miss C——’s: Charlotte loved dancing for its own sake, and without any other care about her partner than that he did not put her out in the figure. She allowed herself no interval of rest; for she was never so fully convinced of the value of time as at a ball, where she thought not one moment was given to be lost, and pursued her favourite occupation with a degree of delight, of which one must have the extreme youth, the gay spirits, and light heart of Charlotte to judge.

Julia, who frequently sat down, heard several of the gentlemen complain pathetically to each other of the hardships of dancing, and enumerate the succession of private balls, which hung over their future evenings like a cloud. Mr. Charles Seymour avoided Julia carefully the whole evening, lest he should be under the necessity of asking her to dance: but when he saw her preparing to go away, he seated himself next her, muttering between his teeth, “Miss Clifford, you  
 come

come *so* late, and go away *so* soon!"—adding, how beautiful she looked that evening, how much her head-dress became her, and how cruel she was to bury such a figure in the country.—Julia heard him with a degree of contempt, which she had too much sweetness to display; but his conversation ever appeared to her of such a barren nature, that she considered listening to it like travelling over sands, and left him almost immediately; which was no less a relief to him than to herself. Julia had that evening received much entertainment from Mr. Seymour's conversation, who paid her great attention, and was endued with the powers of pleasing in a very eminent degree.



## C H A P. V.

**M**R. Seymour, who was possessed of considerable talents, and great taste for literature, was brilliant in conversation. His person was elegant, and his manners frank and agreeable. He had a perfect knowledge of the world, and great penetration into character; but his ambition was boundless; and his constant aim was his own aggrandizement: he courted people of rank and influence with admirable address; and, under an appearance of infinite candour and plainness, was no common flatterer, who sets about his business in a clumsy way, and discovers his own secret. He had judgment enough to appreciate the understanding of others with nicety, and always began his operations like a wise general, by an attack on the weak side. Mr. Seymour lived in a continual plot against the rest of his species—he regarded men and women as puppets moved by various springs, which he understood perfectly how to govern, and which he could touch so skilfully, that wisdom was over-reached as well as folly. His schemes were crowned with success, and he obtained a considerable post under government: yet his pride and selfishness were still unsatisfied. He had married Miss Melbourne, whose person he did not admire, and whose character he disliked, because she had twenty thousand pounds. No man could talk with more energy of the virtues of generosity and disinterestedness than Mr. Seymour; and this not with an appearance of ostentation, but as if friendship and universal good-will were the genuine

genuine feelings of his soul. Yet, while he thus descanted on benevolence, he concealed a mind, the sole view of which was self interest; and sometimes reminded those who knew his real character, of a swan gracefully expanding his plumes of purest whiteness to the winds, and carefully hiding his black feet beneath another element. Mr. Seymour possessed strong feelings, and his heart was capable of tenderness; but ambition, and long commerce with the world, had almost entirely blunted his sensibility; and, to the few persons for whom he still felt some affection, he would not have rendered any service, however essential to their interest, which could in the smallest possible degree ever interfere with his own. His friendship was only to be procured by bestowing favours upon him, or at least by not requiring any at his hands: to ask for such proofs of his regard was to forfeit it altogether. Every acquaintance he made was with some interested view: he had no associates among the companions of his youth, except those who, like himself, had been prosperous in the career of life: the unfortunate he left where misfortune had placed them, and shunned all intercourse with them carefully. He treated Mrs. Seymour with decent attention; but he was a man of gallantry, and made love to every woman who had the attraction of youth or beauty; and Mrs. Seymour, when she thought the heroics would become her, acted a fit of jealousy admirably; complained in pathetic terms of his indifference; lamented her hard fate in not having met with a congenial soul, and in being subject to have her exquisite sensibility so cruelly wounded. From such complaints he fled with disgust and aversion, and took refuge in company, where he contributed too much to the

the general entertainment not to be received with pleasure.

Julia, after spending a few days more in town, left it with little regret; for, tho' she was convinced that London furnished a more enlarged and liberal society, and more elegant amusements, than could be met with elsewhere, the manner in which she had passed her time was not at all suited to her taste. The mornings had been generally devoted to shopping and dress, and the evenings to card-assemblies. Mrs. Seymour loved to range from one milliner's to another; and at first Julia was diverted with the serious air with which a cap is recommended, the contemplative spirit with which the complexion and the ribbon are compared; while she observed the particular good-humour of the handsome, who found every thing they tried becoming, and the discontent of the ugly, who quarrelled with the head-dress instead of the face: but the good-humour, and the discontent, became at length equally tiresome to Julia. She also found that the pleasures of card-assemblies were like fairy gold, which, when touched by a vulgar hand, turns to dust, and could only be enjoyed by people of *ton*; while to her, who had acquired no knowledge of cards, and no passion for a crowd, such meetings were extremely wearisome. At these assemblies she was introduced to some persons who had the reputation of wit and talents; but of their pretensions to either she had no opportunity of judging, since their conversation, to which she listened with avidity, was continually interrupted by some movement of the crowd, or some call to the card-table. She therefore found that understanding was of no current value at a card assembly, except to serve the purpose of applying the rules of whist, a science for

which her country education had taught her but little reverence.

This young lady lamented nothing so much in leaving London, as her separation from Charlotte ; for she found that the joys of dissipation are like gaudy colours, which for a moment attract the sight, but soon fatigue and oppress it ; while the satisfactions of home resemble the green robe of nature, on which the eye loves to rest, and to which it always returns with a sensation of delight.



## C H A P. VI.

**I**T has been mentioned, that Captain Clifford's father made a part of his family. This old man, who was heir to an estate which had descended to him through a long line of ancestors, had received a very liberal education, was possessed of a good understanding, and a most benevolent heart. In truth, his liberality was carried to excess, and he practised that profuse hospitality which was the fashion of the last century. Every guest was received at his house with the welcome of ancient times, and both his purse and his table were open to all those whose necessities seemed to claim his assistance.

His estate was a little incumbered, when he came to the possession of it. He had engaged early in a military life, and served long abroad, while his affairs were left too much to the management of his wife, a woman of unbounded vanity, who vied in expence with families possessed of much larger estates. She died suddenly, in the absence of her husband; who, at his return from Germany, found that her debts were numerous, and that he had lost a very considerable sum, for which, in the confidence of unsuspecting friendship, he became answerable for one, whose principles he considered as no less honourable than his own. He was undeceived too late. The world will blame his imprudence, and think he deserved to suffer from it: but, while foresight and policy are so common, let us forgive those few minds of trusting simplicity, who are taught in vain the  
lesson

lesson of suspicion, on whom impressions are easily made, and who think better of human nature than it deserves. Such persons are for the most part sufficiently punished for their venal error, as was the case with Mr. Clifford, who was forced to extricate himself from the difficulties in which he was involved by the sale of his paternal inheritance.

With a degree of anguish which can be better felt than described, he had quitted for ever a spot endeared to him by every tie of local attachment, and every feeling of family pride. He flew for refuge to his son, and implored his forgiveness of the wrongs he had done him: he was received with all the tenderness of filial regard. Captain Clifford studied, by the most delicate attentions, to soften the gloom and despondency of his father's mind: and at length the old man became soothed into a less painful recollection of the past, though at times it wrung his heart with sorrow.

The endearments of his grand-daughter, who had then reached her seventh year, gave him a pleasure mingled with sadness; and often, when she climbed upon his knees, the old man's tears would fall upon her face; for age had not yet dried their source. Yet his temper was naturally cheerful, and in happier moments he would sing to her some of his old songs, or tell her some marvellous story; and, when she was old enough to listen to the tale of his battles in Germany, he "shewed how fields were won." Nor was he ever so eloquent as when he gave these descriptions: his language became animated, his martial enthusiasm revived, and all the misfortunes of his past life were absorbed in the gratifying recollection of having served his king and country.

This

This old man had infinite benevolence and sweetness of disposition, and was one of those few aged persons who rejoice in the happiness of the young. To witness the mirth and gaiety of youth, was to him a renovation of those scenes "where once his careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain." In consequence of this disposition, he was adored by Julia, and beloved by all her companions. As she grew up, she was ever ready to sacrifice every wish, and every pleasure, to his ease and comfort. She would leave with alacrity a circle of company where she was happy, to return home, and read for an hour to her grandfather in the old family bible, with a long exposition; of which he liked to hear a portion every evening. I think I see her at this moment; her chair drawn quite close to his, and her voice raised, because he heard with difficulty. I see the old man, placed in his crimson-damask chair, dressed in his long green gown, and whitenight-cap, listening to her with a sort of elevation in his look, and sometimes assenting to an affecting passage by the lifting up of his hands, and a movement of his lips in a short ejaculation. When she had done reading, she always stayed to converse with him a little; and, when she saw him quite cheerful, she bid him good night, and received a kiss, and a blessing.

This old man, who had kept the best company in his youth, had much of the old-fashioned politeness. The forms of ancient ceremony must have been burdensome in the intercourse of society; yet in an old person this kind of manner still appears respectable. We are charmed with the light and graceful accompaniments with which the taste of Brown has decorated our modern villas, and rejoice that each alley has no  
more



more "a brother:" but when we visit an ancient mansion, who can wish that its long avenues of venerable trees, sanctified by age, and their connection with the days of former years, and the generations that are past, should feel the destroying axe, and give place to new improvements?

The old man had a taste for flowers, which he cultivated with great assiduity, and which he planted, with all the variety he could procure, round the borders of a little lawn before the house. A green slope led from the lawn to the river Thames: one solitary willow-tree grew at the top of this bank. The old man had a seat made for himself under the shade of this tree. There he delighted to sit, and contemplate the green banks of the opposite shore—the reflected landscape in the stream—the gentle motion of the current—the sun-beams playing on the waters—the long-necked swans gliding majestically by, unless tempted towards the bank by the crumbs with which he fed them—the black-bird's sweet and various note, in some neighbouring trees, sometimes interrupted by the thrush or the linnet—the boats which were passing continually, and added cheerfulness and animation to the picture.

The old man was visited every Saturday morning by a set of pensioners, to each of whom he gave a small weekly allowance. He had not much to give; yet he denied himself some indulgences his age required, to bestow that little; which, however trifling, was sufficient to procure some additional comfort to the receivers. The luxuries of the poor are not expensive, and the rich can make them happy by parting with so little, that it can scarcely be termed a privation. This benevolent old man felt charity less a duty than a pleasure. He might have made the same appeal to  
Heaven



Heaven which was made by Job, "if I have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof," without danger of incurring the forfeiture. He felt none of that admiration of himself which the selfish feel when they perform a kind action; for he could perceive little merit in exertions which were attended with the most sweet and exquisite satisfaction. That kindness which flows from the heart, is like a clear stream, that pours its full and rapid current cheerfully along, for ever unobstructed in its course; while those acts of beneficence, which are performed with reluctance, resemble shallow waters supplied by a muddy fountain, retarded in their noisy progress by every pebble, dried by heat, and frozen by cold. This old man's chief source of happiness was drawn from religion. His devotion was more than habitual; for his mind had attained that state in which reflection is but a kind of mental prayer; and every object around him was to him a subject of adoration, and a motive for gratitude. Praise flowed from his lips like those natural melodies, to which the ear has long been accustomed, and which the voice delights to call forth.

The contemplation of a venerable old man sinking thus gently into the arms of death, supported by filial affection, and animated by religious hope, excites a serious yet not unpleasing sensation. When the gay and busy scenes of life are past, and the years advance which "have no pleasure in them," what is left for age to wish, but that its infirmities may be soothed by the watchful solicitude of tenderness, and its darkness cheered by a ray of that light "which cometh from above?" To such persons life, even in its last stage, is still agreeable. They do not droop  
like

like those flowers, which, when their vigour is past, lose at once their beauty and their fragrance ; but have more affinity to the fading rose, which, when its enchanting colours are fled, still retains its exhilarating sweetness, and is loved and cherished even in decay.

## C H A P. VII.

**V**ERSES were sometimes composed by Julia, merely to amuse her grandfather ; who used to read them with a degree of satisfaction, which may, perhaps, be pardoned from the consideration that the writer was his grand-daughter. Affection is generally supposed to blind the judgment ; and if so, she probably throws one of her thickest bandages across the critical taste of a grandfather, while he is perusing the productions of one, who is the darling of his age, the joy of his eyes, and the soother of his infirmities.

Julia was walking one morning upon the lawn before the house, when she saw a black cat seize a linnet that was perched upon a neighbouring tree, and to whose song she had been listening. She made an exclamation, which brought a maid-servant to the door ; Julia pointed eagerly to the black cat ; upon which the maid instantly ran, and, seizing the animal with great intrepidity, rescued the linnet from its gripe. After breakfast Julia scrawled the following lines upon this incident.

*The* L I N N E T.

**W**HEN fading Autumn's latest hours  
Strip the brown wood, and chill the flowers ;  
When Evening, wintry, short, and pale,  
Expires in many an hollow gale ;

And

And only Morn herself looks gay,  
 When first she throws her quiv'ring ray  
 Where the light frost congeals the dew,  
 Flushing the turf with gentle hue;  
 Gay bloom, whose transient glow can shed  
 A charm like Summer, when 'tis fled!  
 A Linnet, among leafless trees,  
 Sung, in the pauses of the breeze,  
 His farewell note, to fancy dear,  
 That ends the music of the year.  
 The morn'ning day, the sad'ning sky,  
 With frost and famine low'ring nigh,  
 The summer's dirge he seemed to sing,  
 And drop'd his elegiac wing.  
 Poor bird! he read amiss his fate,  
 Nor saw the horrors of his state.  
 A prowling cat, with jetty skin,  
 Dark emblem of the mind within,  
 Who feels no sympathetic pain,  
 Who hears, unmov'd, the sweetest strain,  
 Quite "fit for stratagem and spoil,"  
 Mischief his pleasure and his toil,  
 Drew near—and shook the wither'd leaves—  
 The linner's flutt'ring bosom heaves—  
 Alarm'd he hears the rustling sound,  
 He starts—he pauses—looks around—  
 Too late—more near the savage draws,  
 And grasps the victim in his jaws.  
 The linnet's muse, a tim'rous maid,  
 Saw, and to Molly \* scream'd for aid;  
 A tear then fill'd her earnest eye,  
 Useless as dews on deserts lie:  
 But Molly's pity fell like showers  
 That feed the plants and wake the flowers:  
 Heroic Molly dauntless flew,  
 And, scorning all his claws could do,  
 Snatch'd from Grimalkin's teeth his prey,  
 And bore him in her breast away.

\* A maid-servant.



His beating heart, and wings, declare  
How small his hope of safety there :  
Still the dire foe he seem'd to see,  
And scarce could fancy he was free.  
Awhile he cow'r'd on Molly's breast,  
Then upward sprang and sought his nest.

Dear Molly ! for thy tender speed,  
Thy fearless pity's genile deed,  
My purple gown, still bright and clear,  
And meant to last another year ;  
That purple lutestring I decree,  
With yellow knots, a gift to thee ;  
The well-earn'd prize, at Whitsun'-fair,  
Shalt thou, lov'd maid, in triumph wear ;  
And may the graceful dress obtain  
The youth thy heart desires to gain.  
And thou, sweet bird, whom rapture fills,  
Who feel'st no sense of future ills ;  
That sense which human peace destroys,  
And murders all our present joys,  
Still sooth with song th' autumnal hours :  
And, when the wintry tempest low'rs,  
When snow thy shiv'ring plumes shall fill,  
And icicles shall load thy bill,  
Come fearless to my friendly shed,  
This careful hand the crumbs shall spread ;  
Then peck secure, these watchful eyes  
Shall guard my linnet from surprize.

## C H A P. VIII.

**M**R. Clifford returned from the East Indies, and had the satisfaction of reaching England time enough to see his father again.—The old man had almost despaired of this meeting. He threw his arms round his son's neck, and embraced him for a considerable time in silence. When he was able to speak, he said to him, in the words of Jacob, for the language of scripture was familiar to him, "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive!"—This happy family experienced those delightful sensations in each other's society, which can only be felt after long absence. Our affections are not constantly active, they are called forth by circumstances; and what can awaken them so forcibly, as the renewal of those domestic endearments which constitute the charm of our existence?

Mr. Clifford returned with an ample fortune, and without one subject of self-reproach to embitter the enjoyment of it. He induced the person who was in possession of the old family estate to part with it, by giving him a price beyond its value. This event seemed a renovation of life to the good old man; who expressed so earnest a desire to end his days in that beloved spot, that his sons determined to remove him thither by slow and easy journeys.

He was accompanied, like the patriarch of old, by his children and grand-children. When they reached the summit of a hill which gave him the first view of his paternal mansion, he ordered the postilions

postillions to stop ; and gazed upon the scene before him with a sort of elevation in his look, which shewed that his mind was in intercourse with heaven.

As he descended the hill, he saw his tenants coming out to meet him.—The women brought their infants in their arms to receive his blessing, and the old men crawled to the side of the chaise as well as they could, and blessed God that they had lived to see their old master again.—His heart was too full for speech ; but he pointed to his two lovely grand-daughters, whose eyes were suffused in tears, and at length told the people, in a broken voice, that he had brought those treasures to make them happy. Amidst blessings and acclamations, this welcome retinue reached the family seat. The tenants were seated in the hall ; the ale flowed liberally ; nothing was heard but the voice of rejoicing : and the Vicar of Wakefield, who had a taste for happy human faces, would have found this a charming spectacle.

The old mansion, which was seated on the side of a hill, was embosomed in trees ; and the landscape around it exhibited the most picturesque variety. The house commanded a view of the celebrated lake of ——— ; its boundaries in some places frowning in a series of rude broken crags and rocky promontories, and in others rising into verdant hills, richly wooded to the edge of the water. The sound of a cataract, which precipitated itself into the lake, was heard, and its foam was seen at a distance. A hanging wood, planted on a part of the same hill where the house stood, threw the most venerable shade from its old majestic trees.—A wild irregular path led from the mansion to a deep glen, which opened into a vale where the little village of ——— is built. Its small  
white

white spire rises above the straw hamlets, and a clear winding rivulet wanders through this sweet tranquil vale; which is encompassed by mountains, some of whose tops are covered with snow, and some darkened by the clouds that rest upon them. The contrast between this cultivated valley, and its savage boundaries, was so striking, that it seemed like Beauty reposing in the arms of Horror, and sheltered in its safe retreat from the tempests which spent their force above.

The old furniture, which had been placed in Mr. Clifford's paternal mansion, by his ancestors, still remained; for, the gentleman who had purchased the estate dying soon after, his son, a gay and dissipated young man, had never visited the place but once, when he came to take possession of it upon the death of his father, and had made no alterations.

The walls of the larger apartments were still hung with rich tapestry, on some of which was represented Calypso's enchanted island, where the blooming Telemachus stood ardently gazing on the nymphs, regardless of the frown of the venerable Mentor. Some of the hangings displayed the defeat of the Spanish armada, and the taking of Cadiz, by the Earl of Essex. Many tales of other times were related on the ancient walls; but on some the colours were so faded, and the action so defaced, that all that could be perceived was a half-seen figure, or a face that dimly glared from the pale ground-work, or an arm that seemed stretched out in defiance.

The great stair-case, and the floors of the state apartments, which were of oak, and had been rubbed with careful diligence for the reception of the family, shone bright as a mirror, and occasioned many a false step to the London servants, who



were unused to such slippery treading. The broad and immoveable chairs of the state-rooms, holding forth their gigantic arms, seemed calculated for beings of a larger make than the present race of mortals; and these massy chairs were covered with damask so rich and durable, that it appeared to have been made for the use of the antediluvian ages.

A long gallery on the first floor was hung with the portraits of the Clifford family, in antique dresses, with bushy beards, scymetars, short whisks, and stiff ruffs; and placed in heavy gilt frames: a collection which, at a sale of pictures, would perhaps have sold no better than aunt Deborah and her flock of sheep. But the venerable owner of the mansion felt as great a respect for his ancestors, as Sir Oliver himself.

Mr. Clifford had too much pride in his family to remove any marks of its ancient magnificence. He left, therefore, the tapestry, the massy chairs, and the family pictures, undisturbed, as useless but proud monuments of antiquity, in the background of his apartments, while he took care to bring forward all the comforts and conveniences of modern luxury.

On the evening of their arrival at the family seat, Julia walked out with Charlotte, and felt, with particular sensibility, the beauties of nature. She had, till now, only seen the rich cultivated landscapes of the south of England; but her ardent imagination had often wandered amidst the wild scenery of the north, and formed a high idea of pleasure in contemplating its solemn aspect; and she found that the sublime and awful graces of nature exceed even the dream of fancy. The setting sun painted the glowing horizon with the most refulgent colours: immediately above its  
broad

broad orb, which was dazzling in brightness, hung a black cloud that formed a striking contrast to the luxuriant tints below: some of the hills were thrown into deep shadow, others reflected the setting beams. When the sun sunk below the horizon, every object gradually changed its hue. The form of the surrounding hills, and the shape of the darkening rocks that hung over the lake, became every moment more doubtful; till at length twilight spread over the whole landscape that pensive gloom so soothing to an enthusiastic fancy. Every other sound was lost in the fall of the torrent, a sound which Julia had never heard before, and which seemed to strike upon her soul, and call forth emotions congenial to its solemn cadence.

The moon now arose clear and lovely above the dark hills, with a circle of unusual lustre round her orb: the beams suddenly spread their light over the whole lake, except where long deep lines of shadow were thrown from the rocks on its surface. Julia gazed upon the objects which surrounded her with a transport of mind which she had never felt before. She uttered frequent exclamations of admiration and wonder; but she found it impossible to express the sensations with which her soul was overwhelmed. It is in such moments as these that the soul becomes conscious of her native dignity: we seem to be brought nearer to the Deity; we feel the sense of his sacred presence; the low-minded cares of earth vanish; we view all nature beaming with benignity, and with beauty; and we repose with confidence on him, who has thus embellished his creation. In the country, the mind borrows virtue from the scene. When we tread the lofty mountain, when the ample lake spreads its broad expanse  
of

of waters to our view, when we listen to the fall of the torrent, the awed and astonished mind is raised above the temptations of guilt; and when we wander amid the softer scenes of nature, the charms of the landscape, the song of the birds, the mildness of the breeze, and the murmurs of the stream, sooth the passions into peace, excite the most gentle emotions, and have power to cure "all sadness but despair." "Can man forbear to smile with nature? Can the stormy passions in his bosom roll, while every gale is peace, and every grove is melody?"

A whole summer passed delightfully to the happy inhabitants of Mr. Clifford's hospitable mansion. He employed himself in arranging his affairs, redressing the grievances of which his tenants complained, and assisting such as wanted his assistance.

His brother consented to live with him; and Mr. Clifford, without his knowledge, settled five hundred pounds a year upon him for life, by a deed so framed, that it was not in his own power to revoke it. He also bound himself to give Julia ten thousand pounds at the death of her father. When the deed was executed according to all the forms of law, Mr. Clifford presented it to his brother in a manner too delicate to wound his pride, and too tender not to gratify his affection.

The happiness of this domestic circle was interrupted by the bad health of Mr. Clifford. His constitution had suffered materially from a hot climate, and his increasing complaints obliged him to go to Bath; which, however, failed to produce any salutary effects. His physicians thought him unable to bear the severity of the approaching winter in this country, and he was ordered to Nice. With this advice he reluctantly

complied; and, before he set out for the continent, took a journey to the north, to embrace his father once more; whom he left to the care of his brother and Julia, and took Charlotte with him abroad.

The old man, who did not long survive the departure of his son, in his dying hour expressed his satisfaction at the thoughts of being buried in the tomb of his fathers: so true it is, that, "even from the tomb the voice of nature cries, even in our ashes live their wonted fires!" He expired calmly, and without a groan; nor could those who witnessed the pious resignation of his last moments, avoid wishing "to die the death of the righteous, and that their latter end might be like his!"

His corpse was attended to the place of interment by a long procession of his tenants, who hung over his grave as if unwilling to leave it; while the old recounted to the young, all they remembered of his childhood and his youth.

Mr. Clifford received at Nice the intelligence of his father's death, and felt the most sensible regret at not having been present to perform the last duties to his venerable parent. He wrote to his brother, requesting that he and Julia would prepare for a journey to Nice early in the spring; as he himself intended to visit Italy, and wished for the gratification of their society on his tour.

Mean while Mr. Clifford, after two months residence at Nice, found his health so well established, that he went from that place to pass some time at Avignon. He there met with Mr. Frederick Seymour, the second brother of Mr. Seymour, who had been sent abroad as secretary to the embassy at ———, where he had remained some years. When the ambassador was recalled,  
Mr.



Mr. Frederick Seymour was invited to make the tour of France and Italy with a friend, and was on his way to Rome when he became acquainted with Mr. Clifford and Charlotte, neither of whom he had before seen; for Mr. Seymour's acquaintance and marriage with Miss Melbourne had taken place some time after Mr. Frederick Seymour's departure.

This young man was of a different character from either of his brothers, and superior to both. He possessed the elevated understanding, and the fine taste, for which his elder brother was conspicuous; and he had also that love of distinction which belongs to a man of parts and spirit; but his ambition was of that nobler kind, which pursues its ends fairly, openly, and honourably. Equally incapable of the deep-laid plots of one brother, and the little artifices of the other, Mr. Frederick Seymour disdained to tread in the serpentine paths of duplicity and cunning; and his character was strongly marked by an impatience of every thing mean, selfish, or sordid.—His early intercourse with the world had not chilled that enthusiasm which is awake to every generous impression, and that warmth of feeling which long continues to animate an ardent mind, and which, in some, the disappointment of their dearest hopes, the experience of the coldness and selfishness of mankind, and even the chilling hand of age itself, have no power to repress. The noble principles which actuated Seymour's mind, gave it additional force and vigour. It will ever be found that great talents derive new energy from the virtue of the character; as when the sun-beam plays upon gems, it calls forth all their scattered radiance. Mr. Frederick Seymour's person was tall and elegant; his eyes were dark, and his countenance

was strongly expressive of intelligence and sensibility. His conversation was highly agreeable, and his manners were infinitely engaging; and his good understanding had taught him to connect the polish of fashion, with plainness and simplicity. He had acquired ease without negligence, and frankness without familiarity. Perfect good-breeding undoubtedly requires the foundation of good sense; as the oak, which is the most solid and valuable, is also the most graceful tree of the forest.

Charlotte was constantly in Mr. Seymour's society, and she soon felt its powers of fascination. In the mornings they rode out in little parties, amidst scenes the most lovely and romantic. They often visited the fountain of Vaucluse, and Mr. Seymour still appeared to find inspiration in its waters. He composed sonnets, which Charlotte read with pleasure; he pointed out the beauties of the scenes they visited, or traced them with his pencil; and Charlotte gazed on them with delight. He perceived her prepossession in his favour, and was solicitous to improve her partiality. The sweetness and vivacity of her disposition, the simplicity of her manners, and the purity of her heart, formed a contrast to the vanity and levity of many young women in the gay circle of Avignon, very favourable to Charlotte.

## C H A P. IX.

CAPTAIN Clifford and his daughter passed the months, previous to their intended journey, in a retirement which was cheered by books, by music, and, above all, by the pleasures of benevolence. Julia rejoiced in the possession of fortune, because she could now indulge the feelings of compassion. She was no longer subject to the pain of flying from distress, which she was unable to relieve: she remembered how often her eyes, wet with tears, had been lifted up to heaven, and implored that she might one day have the power of comforting the afflicted! Her prayer had been accepted, the days of affluence were arrived, and they were devoted to the purposes of benevolence.

Julia spread a little circle of happiness around her. She had too that soothing charm in her manner, which proceeds from the most delicate attention to the feelings of others: she bestowed her alms with that gentleness and sympathy, by which the value of her donations was increased, and her pity was almost as dear to the poor as her charity.

Meantime, Mr. Clifford, though not very quick in penetration, at length discerned his daughter's partiality for Mr. Frederick Seymour, whose talents he admired, and whose character he esteemed. This indulgent father, contrary to every established rule in such cases, determined to make his daughter happy her own way. He suffered her to listen to Seymour's addresses, and consented to her marrying the object of her choice,

choice, on her return to England the following summer.

They now only waited for the arrival of Captain Clifford and Julia, in order to set out for Rome; when Mr. Clifford received the following letter from Julia.

“ TO WILLIAM CLIFFORD, Esq.

“ Avignon.”

“ My dearest Uncle,

“ I write to you with  
 “ a degree of anguish, which renders me almost  
 “ incapable of holding my pen. Last week I was  
 “ all joy and exultation, at the thoughts of our journey to Avignon—Alas, those dreams of happiness have vanished for ever! My father was, three days ago, prevailed on by Mr. B———  
 “ to join a hunting party. The chase was uncommonly long, and my father returned almost overcome with fatigue. We sat down to dinner, but he had scarcely eaten a morsel before he was seized with a violent vomiting of blood. I sent instantly for the Surgeon at —— He arrived in half an hour, and declared that my father had burst a blood-vessel. He was put to bed, where he lay almost insensible. The next morning he was somewhat better, but in the evening he spit a great quantity of blood; and the Surgeon has this day acknowledged to me that, though my father may linger some weeks, he has no hope of his recovery. Oh my father! my ever-dearest father! how will your wretched child survive your loss? Oh, may  
 “ Heaven



“ Heaven but enable me to perform the last sad  
 “ duties, and then suffer one grave to hold us!—  
 “ He is sensible of his approaching dissolution,  
 “ and seems to have no wish, in this world, but to  
 “ see you once more. Come then, my dearest  
 “ uncle, and receive his dying embrace! Hasten  
 “ to him, before he is insensible of this last mark  
 “ of your tenderness. Remember me to my dear  
 “ Charlotte; she will pity the sufferings of

JULIA CLIFFORD.”

Mr. Clifford did not hesitate a moment in obeying the mandate contained in this melancholy letter: he and Charlotte left Avignon that night, in their way to England—Mr. Frederick Seymour wished to accompany them, but this they would not allow. He, however, obtained their consent to follow them in a short time to England; and Charlotte promised to write to him, on her arrival at home, and inform him of the situation of her uncle.

Mr. Clifford had the melancholy consolation of reaching home time enough to see his beloved brother once more. He found Captain Clifford in a state of great composure of mind. He talked with resignation of his approaching dissolution, and exerted all the little strength he had left in comforting his friends: he told them he felt the most firm persuasion that they should meet again in a better region, never more to feel the pang of separation. He then made Julia unloose a ribbon from his neck, to which was fixed a locket that hung upon his breast, and which contained some of his wife's hair—He desired Julia to cut off a little of his own hair, and put it into the locket. He begged that

that his brother would keep his watch, and Charlotte a ring for his sake. They will serve, added he, as Ophelia says, "for thoughts, and remembrances." He then grasped Julia's hand while she knelt at his bedside, and said to her, in a faint voice, "Compose your mind, my love! you will still have a father in my brother's protection—I leave you to his care—God Almighty bless you, my child—and reward your filial goodness! You have been the comfort of my life—and death has no pang but leaving you!—but we shall meet"—His voice became inarticulate, and in a few minutes he expired. Julia was with difficulty persuaded to forsake the breathless remains of her father: she clung to his corpse in an agony of unutterable sorrow; and in vain Charlotte endeavoured to sooth her affliction; in vain Mr. Clifford attempted to console her by the assurance, that it should be the constant aim of his life to promote her happiness. In the bitterness of her soul, Julia shrunk from these assurances: the last sigh of her father seemed to her the extinction of every earthly hope, and her aching heart refused that happiness which he could no longer participate—Her father had always treated her as a friend, and her affection for him was unbounded. When she looked back on the past, she recollected, on his part, a constant wish to make her happy; and an uniform gentleness of disposition which rendered that wish effectual. She could recall no expression of harshness, none of those fits of moroseness, or caprice, notwithstanding which, obedience to a parent still remains a duty, but sometimes ceases to be a pleasure.

In the reflection on her own conduct towards her father, Julia felt the soothing consciousness of having done more than even duty required. She  
had

had not only implicitly obeyed every injunction, and complied with every wish of her father; but she had lived in the constant habit of making every sacrifice to his comfort, that the quick sensibility of her own heart could suggest—sacrifices of ease, of convenience, of pleasure, which arose from the confined circumstances of her father; sacrifices, which she carefully concealed from his knowledge, and of which she found the sole reward in her own bosom.

When, at length, the all-subduing influence of time had composed her mind sufficiently to enjoy the beauties of nature, the pleasures of society, and the comforts of affluence, she still frequently lamented, with tears of bitter regret, that her father had not lived to partake longer of those blessings. She reflected, that his life had been the constant struggle of an high and honourable spirit with misfortune, poverty, and neglect: she wept at the recollection of those difficulties in which she had often seen him involved, of those anxieties he had suffered for her sake; and mourned that the hour of prosperity had scarcely arrived, before the object of her pious affection was mouldering in the dust.

The tranquillity she regained, was not like the sweet glow of a summer morning, enlivened by sunshine, and the exulting song of the birds; it had more affinity to the pensive stillness of the evening, when the mildness of the air, and the fading charms of the landscape, excite in the mind a soft and tender sensation, which has a nearer alliance to melancholy than to joy.

## C H A P. X.

A FEW months after the death of Captain Clifford, his brother invited Mrs. Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, to spend some time at his country seat, where Mr. Frederick Seymour was soon expected.

Mrs. Melbourne brought with her a young man who was her relation, and for whom she hoped, through Mr. Clifford's interest, to obtain an appointment in the East Indies. She possessed but a very moderate share of benevolence, either in thought, word, or deed, towards the human race in general; but she eagerly embraced this opportunity of providing for her own relation, and placing him above the want of farther assistance from herself.

Lately she had increased her income by a prize of ten thousand pounds in the lottery; but she found the calculation of her own wants increase in the same proportion with her fortune; and in estimating the wants of others, she was less exact in her arithmetic. This lady could hear the complaints of misery with indifference, and see the tears of the unfortunate without stretching out a hand to their assistance; and yet she contrived to live at peace with herself. Soon after her marriage, she had provided for a cousin, who, by the death of both his parents, was thrown entirely upon her protection; and, whenever her heart reproached her with any deficiency of compassion, she instantly called to mind her cousin, and persuaded herself that



that society had no farther demands on her benevolence.

The young man whom she now brought to Mr. Clifford's house, had lost his father, and his mother was unable to provide for him; but, happily for Mr. Chartres, he was so nearly related to Mrs. Melbourne, that her pride came in as an auxiliary to her benevolence in the determination to promote his fortunes.

Mrs. Melbourne's occasional acts of beneficence which, generally proceeded either from ostentation or fear, resembled those scanty spots of verdure to which a sudden shower will sometimes give birth in a flinty and sterile soil; while pure genuine philanthropy flows like those unseen dews which are only marked in their benign effects, spreading new charms over creation.

Mr. Chartres had been educated by the curate of a small village in Yorkshire, who had taught him Greek, Latin, and mathematics, but had not given him the least knowledge of men and manners, that being a science of which his preceptor was entirely ignorant. At nineteen Mr. Chartres returned to his mother, who had a small house in London. She was a weak vain woman, and, being exceedingly disgusted with her son's awkwardness, and quite incapable of judging of his classical acquisitions, very thankfully resigned him to Mrs. Melbourne, who introduced him in all his native simplicity to Mr. Clifford.

Mr. Chartres was tall and thin, and so perfectly erect, that he had not the smallest tendency towards a bend in his whole figure. His coat was always buttoned quite close, and displayed his shape with great exactness; his complexion was fallow, his aspect solemn, and his black hair hung lank down his shoulders. He had a good understanding,

standing, and a warm veneration for literature; but his extreme awkwardness could only be equalled by his simplicity. In the company of strangers he was entirely silent. When longer acquaintance gave him courage to speak, his opinions were found to be respectable, on account of their antiquity: his sentiments were strictly moral; and, though there was no novelty in his ideas, they were generally delivered in a manner peculiar to himself. Chartres had a tender heart, felt the influence of beauty, and wished to show the most devoted attention to the ladies: but whenever he attempted any mark of gallantry, it generally ended in his own disgrace, though he never hazarded any such attempt without mature deliberation; for he was always obliged, previously to the slightest movement he made in company, to call forth all his reasoning faculties, and convince himself that it was unmanly, as well as unphilosophical, to tremble at walking across the room, placing a chair for a lady, or handing her a tea-cup. Yet even after he had settled his plans of courtesy in his own mind, much to his satisfaction, he was apt to mar them by his mode of performance. But we will leave him to struggle with his bashful terrors, and return to Julia.

One evening, when the party assembled at Mr. Clifford's preferred cards to walking, she went out alone, and wandered along the border of the lake; gazing at the majestic scenery around her, which was obscured by twilight, while imagination gave new forms to every half seen object. On her way home she stopped at a cottage near the house, and, seating herself on a straw chair at the door, patiently listened to the good woman's anecdotes of her poultry.

Julia

Julia usually spent two hours every day in teaching the children of the cottagers to read. She had a particular fondness for children, which is an affection very natural to a tender heart; for what is more interesting than the innocence, the helplessness, the endearing simplicity of childhood? The eldest child of the good woman who loved to talk of her poultry, was a girl of seven years of age, with a ruddy complexion, and auburn ringlets, and was Julia's distinguished favourite. Little Peggy did not, however, owe this distinction to any advantages of beauty over her companions; for rosy cheeks, and curled locks, were in great plenty in the village. Julia's partiality arose from an incident we shall mention.

One morning, as she passed the cottage, she looked in at the window, and saw little Peggy standing at the table, taking some flies out of a bowl of water, and placing them in the sun, where they shook their wet wings, and were assisted in the operation of drying themselves by Peggy; who put her face very close to the table, and endeavoured to revive them with her warm breath. When Julia entered the cottage, the child, who knew her well, looked up in her face, and told her to "come and see how glad the flies were to get out." Peggy was endeared to Julia by her kindness to the flies; for she herself felt for every thing that had life, with a degree of sensibility which many would account a foolish weakness. She had frequently been engaged in the very same business of rescuing flies from destruction; and, when she saw a worm lying in her path, had often conveyed it to a place of safety among the untrodden grass, to prevent its being crushed by some foot less careful than her own. We do not pretend to justify these actions, which people, who have firm nerves for every

every pain that does not reach themselves, may probably ridicule; but we think it our duty to relate the fact.

Julia had indeed no lesson of humanity left untaught by her grandfather. She had seen the linnets and sparrows, who built their nests in the neighbourhood of the good old man, secure of a comfortable provision in winter; and the robins, who ventured to his gate, had always met with an hospitable reception. He had often, when recommending tenderness to animals, pointed out to his grand-daughter that passage in scripture—"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God!"—Dear, and venerable old man! how congenial to thy spirit was this tender assurance!—by what heart is universal benevolence cherished as it was by thine!—But this beloved old man has led us from the cottage, and little Peggy; who now repeated a hymn Julia had taught her, with her hands joined together, and her voice scorning all pause as long as her breath would hold out. Julia promised her a reward if she would mind her stops; and she went to play with her brother, a child of three years of age, before the door of the cottage. A few minutes after, Julia saw her struggling to bring her brother to the door, but the little one refused to come; upon which Peggy flew to the door, pointed to her brother, and burst into tears. Julia rose hastily from her seat, and, stepping forward, saw a gentleman and his servant riding at full speed towards them; and so near the child, that she had only time to fly, at the hazard of her own life, and snatch him away. The screams of his mother, and the appearance of Julia, first informed the stranger of the child's danger, which the approach of night, and the additional gloom  
cast



cast by some trees over the road, had prevented him from seeing. He instantly dismounted, and, giving the reins to his servant, hastened to Julia, expressed his concern for the alarm he had occasioned her, and enquired with great earnestness if she had recovered from her terror.—After a few minutes conversation, he told her that he was on his way to Mr. Clifford's house——“That house is my home,” said Julia. She then discovered that she was conversing with Mr. Frederick Seymour, who asked permission to attend her home. To this she readily consented; but before they set out she wiped away the tears, which still stood in the eye of her rosy-cheeked pupil, and told her she would always love her for taking care of little Tom.

Mr. Frederick Seymour followed Julia into the drawing-room without being announced. Charlotte was thrown into some confusion by his sudden appearance, but soon recovered herself: the adventure at the cottage was recounted, and the evening passed away cheerfully. Even Mrs. Melbourne, whose manners were usually formal and ungracious, caught the universal gladness. She tried to be agreeable, and succeeded as well as could be expected from one not much accustomed to make the experiment. In general Mrs. Melbourne spoke but little, and never hazarded any sentiment that arose in her heart, till she had first made it travel to her head, and examined whether it was precisely such as would do her honour; and she delivered her opinions, even among her friends, with the most laboured correctness. Her understanding was always in full dress; not like that of the present times, easy, gay, and graceful; but more resembling the stiff ruffs, and stately finery of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr.

Mr. Seymour alone had some unpleasant reflections. He saw that his brother, without the practice of duplicity, had obtained a fortune far superior, and a woman in every view more amiable, than all his deep-laid schemes had acquired for himself. While he made these reflections, his heart sickened at the recollection of all the plots and counterplots of his head; and he lamented, that the labour of years had ensured to him a less degree of prosperity than seemed, unsolicited, to court the acceptance of his brother.

Mr. Charles Seymour felt nothing but joy at his brother's marriage, which he knew would give the whole family additional consequence, and considerably increase its influence. He determined, however, not to be outdone by his brother, but to take the first opportunity of marrying the daughter of a nabob, himself.

From the moment of his arrival at Mr. Clifford's seat, he had endeavoured to insinuate himself into the favour of Julia, by paying her the most constant distinctions. He foresaw, that, as mistress of her uncle's house, which would happen on Charlotte's marriage, her importance in the fashionable world would be considerable; and, though her fortune was not sufficient to tempt him to any matrimonial designs upon her himself, he was sensible that, with her beauty and accomplishments, she would scarcely fail to marry advantageously; since he knew that, though love was much out of fashion, there still existed some young men of rank and fortune, who were addicted to that weakness; and some persons, of such a temper, might probably abate a few thousands in his matrimonial expectations, in consideration of Julia's beauty. He therefore devoted his chief attention to that young lady; for Charlotte he considered as an acquisition already

already made to his family. Mr. Charles Seymour's principles of action were as mechanical as those of a watch, constantly regulated by the bright noon-day sun; but all machines are subject to imperfection, and Charles's movements of curtesy towards Julia, which had formerly gone too slow, now went somewhat too fast. She could not avoid being put in mind of his past rude neglect, which she would otherwise have forgotten, by his present obsequious attention. When he flew to meet her at her entrance into the room, when he handed her with alacrity to the carriage, or rode by her side on horseback, she recollected how often he had formerly seen her enter, and depart, without taking the smallest notice of either.

A week after the arrival of Mr. Frederick Seymour, Mrs. Melbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, left Mr. Clifford's house on their way to Scotland, and Mr. Charles Seymour departed for the seat of Lord —. Mr. Chartres was left at Mr. Clifford's till the return of the party, a circumstance which gave him a degree of pleasure that no one suspected; for he had not yet conquered the terrors his new acquaintance inspired; and, though he admired and loved them, he had hitherto kept both his admiration and his love a profound secret, and had never hazarded more than a monosyllable at a time to any of the family. His good sense was wrapt up as carefully as a motto within a sugar-image; and the crust of awkwardness was not easily broken.

The satisfaction derived from Mr. Frederick Seymour's arrival was not confined to Charlotte: his society was felt to be a most agreeable acquisition by the whole family. In his conversation there was originality, wit, and fancy; the strength of a superior understanding, and the warmth of a feeling

ing heart. The conversation often turned on subjects of literature, and Charlotte, though much less devoted to books than her cousin, had a mind sufficiently cultivated to bear a part in such conversations ; which she enjoyed the more on account of their giving her lover an opportunity of displaying his talents. Julia, whose understanding was far superior to Charlotte's, soon perceived that the powers of Seymour's mind were not fully discerned by her cousin ; that often a stroke of wit, an emanation of fancy, which she herself admired, was not comprehended by Charlotte ; and that a mind less superior to the general mass of mankind would have made her happy. Yet she entertained not the least doubt of her felicity in her marriage with Seymour. She knew that Charlotte was tenderly attached to him, and that he was fully sensible of all her claims to his affection ; that he was charmed with the sweetness of her disposition ; and she believed that he would do her merit the justice it deserved.

Mr. Frederick Seymour and Julia were soon the best friends possible. She already considered him as the husband of Charlotte, and he sometimes, in a sort of whisper, called her his cousin. A month passed so agreeably, that its flight was scarcely perceived by this domestic circle. In the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, the charms of friendship, and the delightful intercourse of elegant and cultivated minds, the stream of time flowed not like the turbulent torrent which rushes in unequal cadence, as impelled by the tempestuous winds, nor like the sluggish pool, whose waters rest in dull stagnation : it glided cheerfully along, like the clear rivulet of the valley, whose surface is unruffled by the blast of the mountains, and whose bottom



form reflects the verdant landscape through which it passes.

Mr. Chartres, encouraged by the gentleness with which he was treated, conquered his bashful terrors sufficiently to enjoy the amiable society in which he was placed. He no longer sat at table with as much apparent uneasiness as if he had been stretched on the bed of Procrustes. He raised his eyes when he was spoken to, found it less difficult to dispose of his hands than formerly, lost his tremulous accent, and sometimes delivered his opinions with the firm tone of a man at ease.

Mr. Clifford had some affairs to regulate previously to his daughter's marriage, which was therefore deferred two months longer: mean while Charlotte, who delighted to display the merits of Julia, and wished her beloved friend to be a favourite with her future husband, was at pains, in her frequent conversations with Seymour, to give him the most amiable picture of Julia; described her filial tenderness, her candour, her benevolence, and every amiable quality she possessed, with all the enthusiasm of affection. This was unnecessary—Frederick Seymour had, at first sight, greatly admired Julia's beauty; and, as she had conversed with him with the utmost frankness and cordiality, he found that the purity of her mind, and the goodness of her heart, were equal to the excellence of her understanding; nor could he refuse his friendship to one so dear to Charlotte. He loved to talk to Charlotte of her cousin; he loved to think of her when alone; and at length he discovered that Charlotte's society lost its charm when Julia was absent. He could deceive himself no longer: Julia had inspired him with the most violent, the most unconquerable passion.

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The gradations from friendship to love are often imperceptible to the mind. Like successive shades of the same colour, they blend so finely together, that it is difficult to mark the precise point at which their distinctions commence. Love comes to the bosom under the gentle forms of esteem, of sympathy, of confidence: we listen with dangerous pleasure to the seducing accents of his voice, till he lifts the fatal veil which concealed him from our view, and reigns a tyrant in the soul. Reason is then an oracle no longer consulted; and happiness, often life itself, becomes his victims.

Seymour, called upon by every tie of honour to fulfil his engagements with Charlotte, resolved to stifle his unhappy passion for Julia, to treat her with reserve, and to avoid her as much as possible. That young lady had already perceived the situation of his mind. A thousand little circumstances in his behaviour had betrayed to her penetration the emotions of his heart—but indeed every woman is quick-sighted on this subject. The perturbation of an impassioned mind cannot long be concealed from the object of its inquietude. In vain it may assume the look of indifference, or wear the smile of tranquillity: the most trifling occurrences will serve to discover the agitation of its feelings—as the light breeze, that but gently waves the branches of the other trees of the forest, makes every leaf of the poplar tremble.

The knowledge of Seymour's passion gave Julia the most cruel uneasiness. Her heart was too pure to think without horror of supplanting Charlotte in the affections of her lover—that amiable Charlotte, whose sweetness and generosity of temper had led her to lavish upon Julia every distinction, every preference she could bestow; who, in every amusement, consulted Julia's taste,  
and

and forgot her own inclinations in studying to prevent Julia's wishes.

At first, in the fulness of her heart, she was on the point of flying to her cousin, of revealing her suspicions, and asking Charlotte's permission to leave the house till her marriage was accomplished; but a little reflection convinced her of the impropriety of this measure. She knew that Charlotte's affections were deeply engaged, and was sensible that to awaken a suspicion of Seymour's indifference in her mind, would destroy her peace for ever. She was convinced that he meant to fulfil his engagements, and she had too much confidence in his honour and integrity, to doubt that he would treat Charlotte, when his wife, with tenderness and attention. She hoped that Charlotte's sweetness of disposition, and the separation which would then take place between Seymour and herself, would entirely conquer his unhappy prepossession in her favour; and she determined, meanwhile, to lock the fatal secret within her own breast, and to hasten the marriage by every means in her power.

## C H A P. XI.

**F**REDERICK Seymour and Julia now avoided each other by a sort of tacit agreement. They never met but at those seasons when the whole family were assembled; they were careful to place themselves at a distance from each other at table; and in the walks, which they frequently took along the wild and rugged boundaries of the lake, where they sometimes wandered near the edge of the cliffs, or descended the hills by steep and formidable paths, Mr. Seymour, even when Charlotte was escorted by any other gentleman, never offered his arm to Julia, if there was any other lady present. Julia was no less reserved towards him; but, if she happened to walk behind him, she always observed, that when the path was dangerous, he could not resist looking back repeatedly, to see if she was safe. He appeared to be solicitous to converse with any of Charlotte's female visitors in preference to Julia: yet, notwithstanding this behaviour, it was easy for that young lady to perceive that he was acting a part which he performed with great difficulty; but she was happy, at least she believed she was happy, that he had resolution enough to observe this conduct.

Seymour, by unremitted efforts, concealed the state of his mind from Charlotte. All her unsuspecting heart perceived, was his reserve towards Julia, for which she could not account; but which gave her uneasiness; and with the frankness natural to her disposition, she sometimes complained to him of his inattention to her cousin, and reminded



ed him of particular instances of neglect; which he generally excused, by observing that he had been wholly occupied by herself. Charlotte once mentioned to Julia something of Seymour's inattention to her. Julia coloured violently; Charlotte thought it the blush of resentment, and said no more on the subject.

Had Mr. Clifford been a man of much observation, it is probable he would have remarked the change in Seymour's behaviour to his niece. But Mr. Clifford paid little attention to the minute traits of manners, and being at present wholly occupied in arranging his affairs, previously to his daughter's marriage, and improving the grounds round his house, the sensations of Seymour's mind were by him entirely unnoticed. Mr. Clifford was delighted to see his lawns assume a brighter verdure; his shrubbery filled with every plant that could embellish it; his woods affording the most venerable shade, or opening into vistas, that presented the most sublime landscape—and was unconscious, that to the wounded spirit of Seymour, nature had lost her beauty, and the earth its pleasantness!—Mr. Clifford was in the situation of one of those sheltered trees, which grew in his own cultivated valleys, protected from the violence of the winds, and feeling only the gentlest influence of the seasons; while the unhappy Seymour, agitated by the utmost violence of conflicting passions, resembled one of those plants which are scattered on the bleak mountains, undefended, and exposed to all the fury of the elements.

Seymour was sometimes thrown into great perturbation, by the observations which Chartres, in the simplicity of his mind, made upon his conduct. One evening, when there was some company from the neighbourhood, Seymour was relating, at the

tea-table, a ludicrous adventure which had happened to him in France, and which he embellished with all the graces of wit and fancy. While he was proceeding with great vivacity, a servant came, and spoke to Julia; upon which she immediately left the room. Seymour fancied he saw her change colour as she went out; and occupied in conjecturing what could be the reason of it, he made a pause in his story.—“Pray go on,” said Charlotte.—He resumed the narrative, but Chartres almost instantly interrupted him, saying, “I beg your pardon, Sir, but you have not begun at the place where you left off, and the parts of the story have lost their connection: you know Sir ———” Chartres then added a Latin quotation of some length, which we believe was very apposite; but which, as we are entirely ignorant of Latin, we must leave our learned readers to guess. While Chartres was displaying his erudition, Seymour recovered himself sufficiently to proceed in his narrative; but the tone of his voice was changed; the spirit of the story evaporated; and when it was finished, every body appeared disappointed: and though this is a circumstance which often happens to the retailers of stories, many people having an everlasting propensity to speak, from the want of sufficient understanding to be silent, Seymour, who possessed considerable talents for narration, was accustomed to be heard with applause. He perceived the disappointment of the company, and added, in a confused manner, “I have done my adventure great injustice; but a disagreeable recollection came across me, and I could not for my soul get rid of it.”—Julia returned just as he had done speaking, and Chartres, who thought, that after Seymour’s own confession that he had spoiled the jest, there could be no impropriety in his avow-  
ing

ing the same opinion, told Julia, that she had not lost the most agreeable part of the story; "for, ma'am," added he, "Mr. Seymour gave us no more wit after you left the room." Julia tried to smile, and Seymour walked to the window, affecting to join in the general laugh, which was usually excited by the solemn tone in which Chartres delivered his sentiments. The company present were not remarkable for penetration, and were more occupied by the awkward formality of the young man's manner, than by the force of his remark. There was, however, one lady of the party, whose observation was more acute than that of her companions. Miss Tomkins had perceived an unaccountable degree of restraint in the behaviour of Seymour and Julia towards each other. She had remarked, that Seymour faltered in his story upon Julia's leaving the room; but the effect which Chartres speech had upon them both, betrayed at once to Miss Tomkins a secret, which she carefully treasured up in her own mind, and of which she made a most ungenerous use, as will be seen hereafter.

Most of the company went to cards, and Chartres followed Seymour to the window; who turned towards him with such a resentful air, that Chartres, terrified at the thoughts of having given offence to one whom he so highly respected, began in an audible voice to solicit pardon. "I am heartily sorry, Mr. Seymour, "if I have made any comment on the story that is offensive to you; but I thought Miss Julia Clifford would like to hear, that as it grew less agreeable just as she left the room, she had not lost much by going. I feel an innocent satisfaction in saying any thing that will please her, when I have an opportunity."

"Pray, Mr. Chartres, talk no more of it," Seymour

mour replied, in an impatient and disturbed manner. After pausing a little, he added, "I am not very well this evening; will you come and take a walk with me?" Chartres thankfully consented. Seymour burthened himself with this young man's company, because he was afraid, that if left with the ladies, Chartres might make some farther animadversions on the story; but he excused himself from conversing with his companion on pretence of indisposition; and wandering along the rocky shores of the lake, indulged his own gloomy meditations.

Julia longed to take a walk; but she confined herself to the corner of the card-table, because she dreaded meeting Seymour. When he returned, she retired for a short time to her own apartment, and gave way to that sorrow which the perplexity of her situation wrung from her heart. She was indeed persuaded, that she felt no other uneasiness than what arose from the agitation with which she perceived that Seymour's mind was struggling; but perhaps there was something of self-deception in this young lady's reflections; as to a passenger, in a boat that glides rapidly down a stream, the current only appears to move, and the boat seems perfectly still, while in reality the waves bear it impetuously along.

But whatever were Julia's real sensations, her conduct was irreproachable. Her ideas of rectitude were of the most exalted kind; and no pain would have been so insufferable to her pure and feeling bosom, as the consciousness of having in the smallest degree deviated from those principles of delicacy, truth, integrity, and honour, which were not only the inviolable sentiments of her soul, but the steadfast rules of her actions. If her  
heart



heart was not quite at peace, its exquisite sensibility was corrected by the influence of reason; as the quivering needle, though subject to some variations, still tends to one fixed point.

## C H A P. XII.

**M**R. and Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Melbourne, returned to Mr. Clifford's seat, where they had promised to pass a week or two on their way home. It was the time of the assizes at ———, and Mrs. Seymour heard with great satisfaction that Mr. Clifford's family were going to a ball at that town the following evening.

Mr. Chartres, on the first intelligence he received of the ball, instantly asked Julia to dance: "I own," added he, playing all the time with his fingers, and looking very foolish, for he felt his request was a bold one; "I own I shall appear but awkward, having never been at any ball, except my dancing-master's; but I am determined to improve myself in dancing, which I think a very pleasant device, and what reflects honour on the inventor." Some young ladies, as secure as Julia of having their choice of many partners, would have refused Mr. Chartres without much remorse; but it was not in her nature to exert power in giving pain when it could be avoided; and though she disliked her shackles, she determined to wear them with cheerfulness. Frederick Seymour was secretly rejoiced that Julia was engaged to Chartres, being conscious that, had she been provided with a more agreeable partner, it would have given him some very unpleasant sensations.

Charlotte mentioned to Mrs. Seymour, at dinner, that she would probably meet her acquaintance, Mr. F——, at the ball. "Miss Tomkins",

Tomkins", added she, "who on a visit at Lord ———'s seat, told me that Mr. F—— was expected this evening; and what will he do, Julia, when he finds you are engaged?—Mr. Chartres, I advise you not to be too happy to-morrow, for I have a strong suspicion that you will be robbed of your partner." "I am conscious, Madam," said Chartres, laying down his knife and fork with great solemnity, "I am very conscious of my unworthiness of Miss Julia Clifford, and you know, Madam," continued he, turning to Julia "I offered this morning to give up the honour of your hand to Mr. Frederick Seymour, for a dance or two, if he should happen to ask it." Julia coloured violently; but it was not perceived by any one present except Mr. Seymour; for Frederick Seymour, at that moment, spilt a glass of wine as he was putting it to his lips, on Charlotte's gown, and occasioned some confusion. Charlotte again renewed the subject of the ball, and Julia, who saw that Mr. Seymour's penetrating eyes were fixed upon her, endeavoured to conquer her embarrassment. Mrs. Seymour asked her, if the ball-room at —— was a good one. "Yes," replied Julia; "but it seems rather strange, since the time of the assizes is chosen for particular gaiety, that the town-house should be made to contain both assembly-room and the prison: they seem placed with little judgment so near each other." "I believe," said Mr. Seymour, "the mirth of the company in general will not be much disturbed by this reflection, though it comes very naturally from the person who made it." "A ball-room," said Frederick Seymour, "divided only by a thin partition from a prison, reminds one of a magical lanthorn, where all the gay colours are thrown on one little spot, and every thing round  
it

it is involved in complete darkness." "Well, pray talk no more of it," said Charlotte." "Indeed," cried Mrs. Seymour, with a sigh loud enough to be heard by all present, "my feelings are so wounded by what has passed, that I am sure I shall be miserable the whole evening; and I must beg of you, Miss Clifford, to excuse my going." "O no," replied Charlotte, "I will not excuse you." Mrs. Seymour acquiesced in silence, and expressed no farther desire of remaining at home.

The next morning Charlotte proposed a ride. A carriage was ordered for Mrs. Melbourne, and horses for the rest of the company, immediately after breakfast; when Charlotte observed that Julia looked pale. "I have a slight head-ach," said Julia, "and as I intend to dance a great deal at the ball, I hope you will excuse my going out with you this morning," "Certainly," said Charlotte, "if you wish it; but I am sure you will be quite well in the evening; I never had a head-ach but once, when I was going to a ball, and the sound of the fiddles carried it off directly." Julia smiled at her cousin's remedy for the head-ach, and left the room.

She retired to her own apartment for an hour, and then wandered to a wood on the side of a neighbouring hill, completely shaded from the sun by thick intervoven trees. She seated herself on a green bank, at the foot of an old oak: the lake was seen, and the sound of the torrent was heard foaming down the cliffs at a distance. The trees formed a thousand wild avenues, and the paths of the wood appeared as if they had never been trodden by any human foot-step. Julia, in this solitude, found "room for meditation even to madness." She recalled the beloved image of her father; she thought of the past with tender regret, and



and the present seemed involved in perplexity and sadness.

The beauties of the landscape at length soothed and elevated her mind. She lifted her eyes to heaven, for her admiration of the works of nature was ever accompanied with emotions of gratitude and praise; her heart became full—her tears flowed fast, but not painfully—when her reverie was disturbed by the rustling of the leaves near her. She looked round, and saw Frederick Seymour almost close to her, and gazing at her with earnestness. It instantly occurred to her, that some accident had happened, and occasioned the return of the party; and she enquired with eagerness and terror the reason of his coming. He told her, in a confused manner, that he had received letters, after she left the room, which required an immediate answer, and had obliged him to remain at home. The truth was, that no sooner had Julia declared her intention of staying at home, than Frederick Seymour, who disliked his sister-in-law, and abhorred Mrs. Melbourne, felt a great disgust at the thoughts of going. A few minutes after Julia quitted the room, letters were brought to him by the post, and he could not resist the temptation they offered him of pretending that they required an immediate answer, and of desiring, on that account, to be excused joining the party on horseback. He was sensible that he was acting in direct opposition to every rule he had prescribed for his conduct; he felt that it was madness to court that dangerous society, which had already proved so fatal to his peace; but the sensations which impelled him to remain behind, were too powerful to be combated by any effort of his reason. Alas! there *are* moments when the exertions of reason are ineffectually opposed to the violence of passion!—  
there

there are moments in which passion, like the ocean-flood, overthrows the mounds which were opposed to its progress !—Charlotte, with her usual sweetness, accepted Seymour's apology for not attending her in her ride, and went with the rest of the company.

When Julia discovered that Seymour had not joined the party, a consciousness of his motive for declining it took instant possession of her mind. Surprise gave place to embarrassment, and a deep blush, which overspread her face, betrayed what was passing in her breast. She remained silent.—“Are you angry with me,” said he, in a faltering voice, “for intruding upon your solicitude?—My letters were finished; I was going to walk; and was it possible for me to turn my steps another way, when I knew you were here?”—Julia had by this time recovered from her painful confusion. Without taking notice of what he had been saying, she expressed her regret at having lost the morning's ride. “The day”, added she, “is so favourable, that the prospect from the hills will be seen to particular advantage.” “I am sorry you regret it,” he replied; “I have no such sensation—but may the interest which all who know Miss Clifford must feel in her happiness, give me a right to enquire into the cause of those tears which only ceased upon my intrusion, and which I would sacrifice my life to wipe away?” “Indeed,” said Julia, quickening her pace towards the house, “my tears were nothing more than a movement of admiration at the view of nature: the solitude and grandeur of the scene affected me, and my tears flowed, because I felt pleasure in shedding them.” “Oh,” exclaimed he, with passionate vehemence, “may your tears never proceed from any other source than that of pleasure! May you, most amiable  
able

able of women, be happy, and I can never be quite miserable!"—"What strange language is this! Mr. Seymour," she answered, in a tone of resentment. "I suspect, Sir," she added "that your letters this morning have conveyed some disagreeable intelligence; you appear disordered. If you will return to the spot I have just quitted, you will find its stillness more favourable to composure of mind than any company whatever." "Ah, Miss Clifford," resumed he, "if I may ever hope for composure of mind, but in a spot which *you* have just quitted, how poor is my chance of attaining tranquillity!" They reached at that moment a little cottage which stood between two hills: a clear rivulet ran along the narrow valley, and a plank was thrown across it. A young man was resting himself on the grass before the door of the cottage; his eldest child stood behind him, peeping over his shoulder at a younger infant, who was placed upon his knees; his wife, a pretty clean young woman, sat at work on the root of an old elm. Joy sparkled in the looks of the whole family at the approach of Julia. She had spent the past winter in relieving the distresses of the neighbouring poor, and, "when the eye saw her it blessed her!" She stopped a few minutes to speak to the cottagers, and then hastened towards home. "What a charming picture of domestic enjoyment we have just seen!" exclaimed Seymour, with enthusiasm. "If in the higher ranks of life we were not the slaves of the world, what other scheme of happiness could be so precious to a heart endued with sensibility, as that which this family groupe displays?"—Julia was silent.—"But then," he continued, with increased eagerness, "the world can only be renounced with pleasure for the object of all others most dear to the affections. It must be a connection

tion not formed from interest, from a combination of circumstances, which entangle the mind, and warp its inclinations; it must be the free election of the soul! What felicity to live for one beloved object, to prevent every wish, to study every look, to anticipate every desire!—And in that beloved object, to discern fidelity never to be shaken, even in the greatest conflicts and convulsions of fortune; to meet with everlasting support and sympathy, with the charm of unbounded confidence, the ———”

“No more, Sir,” said Julia, interrupting him, “I have no pleasure in being led into the regions of romance.”

“By the happy,” he replied, “the dream of imagination may be discarded; but it is the refuge of misery, and ———”

“To me,” said Julia, again interrupting him, “the language of discontent never appears more unreasonable than amidst such beautiful scenes as these, which seem formed to inspire tranquillity.”

“Complaint,” resumed he, vehemently, “has indeed no language which can convey an adequate idea of my peculiar wretchedness.”

Julia made no reply, but walked as fast as she was able. Seymour preserved a gloomy silence till they came to the lawn before the house. While they were crossing the lawn, he said, in a low voice, “I fear I have offended you, from your evident anxiety to get rid of me: “Ah! I acknowledge the infatuation, the madness of this intrusion!—could I dare to expect, could I even hope for your sympathy!—Oh no! I am not such a wretch as to wish that your peace should be a moment disturbed by any pity for the wretchedness, the extreme—I know not what I am saying.—Forgive me, Madam; forgive the incoherent expressions of a distracted mind—I will not offend again!—never shall your ear again be wounded by my complaints; I will

I

suffer



suffer in silence."—He opened the door of the saloon. Julia entered without speaking, made him a slight curtesy as she passed him, and hastened to her own apartment. He looked after her till she was out of sight, and then wandered to a distant scene, unconscious where he was going, and absorbed in profound melancholy.

Julia for some time gave way to tears, but she wiped the traces of sorrow from her eyes before the return of Charlotte, and determined to decline no parties in future, however disagreeable to her, that she might not again be exposed to an interview so painful to her feelings, as that which had just past.

## C H A P. XIII.

WHEN Charlotte returned from her ride, her first care was to hasten to Julia's apartment, and enquire if her head-ach had ceased. At that moment Julia felt Charlotte's kindness like a reproach; her heart was full, and tears started into her eyes. "What is the matter, my dearest friend?" said Charlotte: she then enquired if it was the thoughts of going for the first time into public since the death of her father that affected her. Julia now wept without restraint. "If you are so much hurt at going, my dearest girl," resumed Charlotte, "I will not insist upon it."—Fearing, however, that if she remained at home, Frederick Seymour would attribute it to the effects of their meeting, Julia told Charlotte that she was determined to go, and begged that she would take no notice to any one of the depression of her spirits. Charlotte threw her arms round her friend's neck, and embraced her tenderly, with the most soothing expressions of affection. They then parted, in order to dress for the ball.

When Charlotte left the room, Julia threw herself on her knees, and implored the assistance of that Being, to whom she had been ever accustomed to fly, as to the refuge of calamity. Her heart was formed for devotion, and the consolation it afforded her will be only disbelieved by those who have never tried its influence.—These young ladies appeared at dinner dressed alike, and with the most graceful simplicity. Julia's complexion was a little flushed by the agitation she had suffered, which

which served to heighten her beauty; and Charlotte gazed at her with as sincere delight as if she had not been handsomer than herself.

Mrs. Seymour was very fantastically arrayed, and her sensations at the appearance of Julia were of a very opposite nature from those which glowed in the generous bosom of Charlotte. Mrs. Melbourne also discovered by her looks, and by more than usual peevishness of manner, her entire disapprobation of the increased bloom of Julia's complexion, who was placed at dinner between Mr. Seymour and Chartres. "Did you take a long walk this morning, Ma'am?" said Chartres. "No, a very short one," replied Julia. "Why, walking *alone* is dull enough," said Mr. Seymour, looking at her earnestly. "I do not think so," answered Julia; "but I was not alone, I met Mr. Frederick Seymour." "Oh, so he found you out, Ma'am," exclaimed Chartres: "well, I really thought you would have hid yourself; for, although woman, as well as man, is certainly a social being, yet there are seasons when solitude is more valuable than society." "What does Mr. Chartres say about hiding yourself, Julia?" said Charlotte, who was sitting at some distance. "He says," replied Mr. Seymour, "that your fair cousin is very cruel, and stays at home to hide herself most maliciously from us, who live only in her sight." Julia smiled faintly, and Mr. Seymour immediately changed the subject.

While they were at tea, Mr. Seymour described with rapture the falls of the river Clyde, which he had visited in his tour through Scotland. Mrs. Seymour said, she had been particularly pleased with the romantic beauties of the river Evan, as it runs through Hamilton Wood, passing by Chatelherault, to join the Clyde, at a  
bridge

bridge in sight of Hamilton House. But what; added she, perhaps, impressed the beauties of that spot upon my mind more strongly than those of any other, was some verses which were given to me by a lady in that neighbourhood, and which, she told me, were written by two intimate friends of her own, in their days of courtship. I took a copy of the verses, together with a little account of the writers, which their friend had scrawled on a blank leaf of the paper. Charlotte begged Mrs. Seymour would produce the verses; which she did immediately, and desired Mr. Frederick Seymour to read them. He took the paper, and read as follows:

“ A young gentleman, born on the banks of  
“ the Evan in Scotland, had formed a strong at-  
“ tachment to a young lady in that neighbour-  
“ hood; but fortune refusing even that compe-  
“ tency, which would have satisfied two minds  
“ equally divested of ambition and avarice, he  
“ accepted of an offer of going to the East Indies.  
“ Time and distance had no power to obliterate  
“ the traces of a sacred and serious passion, such  
“ as may perhaps still be found in the bosom of re-  
“ tirement. On the banks of the Ganges his  
“ imagination often wandered to that humbler,  
“ but, in his mind, far more beautiful stream,  
“ which winds in delightful mazes through the  
“ wood of Hamilton, and whose banks, of a ro-  
“ mantic height, are covered with the freshest  
“ verdure, and crowned with trees of the most  
“ venerable antiquity. This had been the scene  
“ of his early passion. Under the shade of those  
“ majestic trees, by the brink of that beloved  
“ stream, he had often wandered with his mistress;  
“ and in his mind, every impression of beauty,  
“ and



“ and every idea of happiness, was connected  
“ with the borders of the Evan.

“ With such feelings, it is not surprising that,  
“ having acquired a fortune far greater than  
“ would have been sufficient to have fixed him in  
“ the arms of love and happiness in his native  
“ country, he immediately determined to return.  
“ A short time before his departure, he composed  
“ the following song; and some years after  
“ his return, he accidentally found a little ballad,  
“ which his mistress had written during their separation;  
“ an unequivocal proof, among many he  
“ daily experienced, that their love was reciprocal.”

S O N G.

## S O N G.

## I.

**S**LOW spreads the gloom my soul desires—  
 The sun from India's shore retires—  
 To Evan's banks, with temp'rate ray;  
 Home of my youth! he leads the day.  
 Oh banks to me for ever dear!  
 Oh stream whose murmurs still I hear!  
 All, all my hopes of bliss reside  
 Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

## II.

And she, in simple beauty drest,  
 Whose image lives within my breast,  
 Who trembling heard my parting sigh,  
 And long pursu'd me with her eye!  
 Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,  
 Oft in the vocal bowers recline?  
 Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,  
 Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

## III.

Ye lofty banks, that Evan bound,  
 Ye lavish woods that wave around,  
 And o'er the stream your shadows throw,  
 Which sweetly winds so far below—  
 What secret charm to mem'ry brings  
 All that on Evan's border springs!  
 Sweet banks!—ye bloom by Mary's side;  
 Blest stream!—she views thee haste to Clyde.

## IV.

Can all the wealth of India's coast  
 Atone for years in absence lost?

Return,

Return, ye moments of delight,  
With richer treasures blest my sight !  
Swift from this desert let me part,  
And fly to meet a kindred heart !  
Nor more may aught my steps divide  
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

BALLAD.

## B A L L A D.

**A** H Evan, by thy winding stream  
 How once I lov'd to stray,  
 And view the morning's redd'ning beam,  
 Or charm of closing day!

To you dear grot, by Evan's side,  
 How oft my steps were led;  
 Where far beneath the waters glide,  
 And thick the woods are spread.

But I no more a charm can see,  
 In Evan's lovely glades;  
 And drear and desolate to me  
 Are those enchanting shades.

While far—how far from Evan's bowers,  
 My wand'ring lover flies;  
 Where dark the angry tempest lowers,  
 And high the billows rise!

And oh, where'er the wand'rer goes,  
 Is that poor mourner dear,  
 Who gives, while soft the Evan flows,  
 Each passing wave a tear?

And does he now that grotto view?  
 On these steep banks still gaze?  
 In fancy does he still pursue  
 The Evan's lovely maze?

And can he still with rapture think,  
 On every wounded tree?  
 The secret path, by Evan's brink,  
 So often trod with me?



Oh come, repass the stormy wave,  
Oh, toil for gold no more !  
Our love a dearer pleasure gave,  
On Evan's peaceful shore.

Leave not my breaking heart to mourn  
The joys so long deny'd ;  
Oh soon to those green banks return,  
Where Evan meets the Clyde.

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When the songs were finished, Mrs. Seymour mentioned that her Scotch acquaintance, who had a sweet voice, sung these words to some of the old simple tunes of her own country—" Which was the very circumstance that made them interesting," replied Mr. Seymour.—" The tricks of execution," he added, " may surprize, but are too remote from nature to touch the passions: they are more easily moved by striking one tender string, than by flying through all the notes of the gamut." " I like Scotch music," said Chartres, " because the tunes are easily comprehended; whereas, in complicated pieces, I never can understand what the composer means to express; and the whole appears to me a contrivance, to show how much may be done in a short time." Chartres had just finished his speech, when the carriages came to the door, and the party set off for the ball.

## C H A P. XIV.

**M**R. F——, who came to pay his compliments to Mrs. Seymour, on her entering the assembly-room, soon directed his principal attention to Julia, and obtained her permission to ask Mr. Chartres to resign her hand for one dance. Mrs. Seymour had no time to be out of humour at Mr. F——'s attention to Julia, being immediately asked to dance by Lord ——, and after that she felt no inclination; for, if the female brow is ever clouded by ill-temper, it is certainly not in those moments when vanity is gratified.

Frederick Seymour danced with Charlotte, and Julia with Chartres; who wore a look of great solicitude, while by the most serious and unremitting attention he made himself master of the figure of each country dance, before he began to practise it. His performance of his lesson was, however, somewhat ludicrous. He flung out his arms and legs in a very singular manner, and, by his indefatigable efforts to dance with spirit, afforded infinite diversion to the whole company. This young man, whom nature had formed more on the plan of the yew than the osier, had, while dancing, rather the appearance of a puppet than of a human form; for his figure seemed to be framed of wood, and his movements directed by wires: but he believed that extended arms denoted ease, and that a high spring demonstrated spirit; while, in truth, his performance was as remote from either, as the stiff ringlets of our learned counsellors wigs, (those stupendous symbols

bols of knowledge,) from the graceful flow of natural curls. Julia alone appeared insensible to the awkward motions of her partner, because she was not willing to give him pain. She saw that he observed, with mortification, the tittering of the young ladies whenever he approached; and she determined to appear perfectly satisfied with his abilities for dancing; though sometimes, when he sprang unusually high, with out-stretch'd arms, she found it difficult to suppress a smile

Mr. Chartres, after the labour of two dances, which, by his mode of performance, had been rendered no trifling fatigue, consented to a suspension of his toils, and resigned his partner to Mr. ———, for one dance; telling her, "That he would sit in the mean time, and meditate on the pastime before him, which he thought was very delightful to behold." Frederick Seymour knew nothing of this arrangement till he saw them standing up together. He had persuaded Charlotte to sit down during that dance, and, as the ball-room was very hot, she proposed going to the card-room, where Seymour was leading her when he first perceived Julia and Mr. F——. He felt a pang of jealous anguish at the sight, and an irresistible desire to observe their behaviour to each other. Suppressing his emotion, he turned to Charlotte, with as much carelessness in his manner as he could assume, and said, "This is a very lively tune, and, if I thought you could forgive me for being so whimsical, I should confess that I feel a great inclination to go down this dance." "And so do I too," replied Charlotte, hastening to her place, "it's a pleasure to oblige you, when you chuse to dance; but one really finds it difficult to sit down; so pray don't take that humour again."

After

After Julia and Mr. F—— had passed them in the dance, Frederick Seymour said to Charlotte in a tone of indifference, "How has your fair cousin contrived to get rid of her first partner?" "She has only got rid of him for one dance," replied Charlotte. "Mr. —— was miserable when he heard she was engaged, and was determined to dance one dance with her at least: I can see," added Charlotte, "that Mr. F—— is in love with Julia." Seymour felt that Mr. F——'s love was a subject on which he was not likely to speak with much success, and therefore prudently forbore to make any reply. When the dance was finished, he could not resist leading Charlotte to the same bench where Julia and Mr. F—— were sitting; walking himself about the room, almost unconscious where he was, or what he was doing.

Mrs. Melbourne sat and contemplated Mrs. Seymour, while she was dancing, with the fondest admiration. Her whole stock of applause she lavished upon her daughter; and at length, dazzled with the graces and attractions which she perceived in this favourite object, she turned her eyes for relief upon the rest of the company, where she easily discovered some shades of imperfection; distributing the whole number of female defects among the young ladies present, and, with laudable impartiality, giving to each of them an equal share. Julia, whose beauty eclipsed that of all others, she regarded with as much malignity as if she had herself been her rival; held Mr. Clifford's understanding in the highest contempt, on account of his having received into his family one, whose superior attractions must ever bear away the palm from



from his own daughter; and was ready to exclaim to Charlotte, in the words of Shakespeare,

“Thou art a fool, she robs thee of thy name,  
“And thou wilt show more bright when she is gone.”

Mrs. Melbourne then reflected how much more sagaciously she would have acted in the same circumstances; at what a prudent distance she would have separated a beautiful niece from her own daughter, by leaving her in safe obscurity, where she would have been secure from danger herself, and could neither have excited admiration or envy in others.

Mr. Chartres, after the interval of repose he had enjoyed, felt himself prepared for fresh exertions, and claimed his partner the next dance. Charlotte could not be perfectly happy, even in dancing with her beloved Seymour, while she saw Julia devoting the evening to such a partner as Chartres. The affectionate Charlotte had long made Julia's happiness necessary to her own. Her heart was attuned to joy; but when she fancied Julia's was not in unison, the strings of pleasure in her own bosom refused to vibrate.

She proposed to Frederic Seymour, that he should ask Chartres to allow him to dance one dance with Julia, and added, that she herself would dance with Chartres “It will really divert me,” said Charlotte, “to go down one dance with him; and we shall do vastly well, for I'll make him get the figure by heart before we set off.” Seymour, however, appeared but little diverted with Charlotte's plan, which threw him into such perturbation, that he scarcely knew what he said. “Yes—certainly—if you wish it”—he replied, in a stammering manner. “Surely it cannot

cannot be disagreeable to you," rejoined Charlotte, with some surprize at his hesitation. "No—I did not mean—I—shall I go and ask Miss Julia Clifford's permission?" "Certainly," answered Charlotte. He went up to Julia, asked her to dance, and added, in a low voice, that he should not have presumed to solicit that honour, if Miss Charlotte Clifford had not commanded him. Julia could alledge no pretence to Charlotte for refusing: she therefore gave her consent, and he led her to the dance. He was two or three times out in the figure, and Julia's countenance wore an expression of gravity and reserve. When the dance was finished, Julia followed by Frederick Seymour, went in search of Charlotte, who was at that moment surrounded by a number of her acquaintances; and Julia could find no vacant place except at a little distance, where she sat down, and Frederick Seymour placed himself next her. He endeavoured to converse with her, but his powers of entertainment failed him, and her manner towards him was cold and distant. Julia's usual manners had the most engaging frankness: her heart seemed to hover on her lips, and every emotion of her soul was clearly seen in her expressive countenance. Frederick Seymour had observed that she conversed with Mr. F—— with the utmost sweetness and vivacity; and the contrast in her behaviour towards himself, struck his mind so forcibly, that, after a silence of some minutes, during which he had wrought up his feelings to a degree of agony, he said to her, "Miss Clifford, I am conscious that I deserve your resentment, yet I find the pang it inflicts is insupportable: from my very soul, I implore you, Madam, to forgive the frenzy of this morning. If you could look into my mind, if you could know

know what passes within this bosom, you would perhaps think that I am punished enough." "I will endeavour, Sir," replied Julia, "to forget what it is so disagreeable to me to remember." She then rose hastily from her seat, and joined some ladies of her acquaintance.

The company went to tea; and Mr. Chartres, who was conscious that dancing was not his forte, determined at least to distinguish himself by his services to the ladies during tea. He arose with great alacrity to hand some bread and butter; but no sooner did he find himself standing upright, a public spectacle to the whole circle, than all the excellent arguments, by which he had spurred his courage to this enterprize, suddenly failed him, and his confusion was so great, that it seemed to bereave him of his faculties: he hastily placed his tea-cup upon the chair on which he had been sitting, and, while undergoing the pains of presenting the cake, let the plate slip out of his trembling hand, which fell in pieces on the floor. Overcome with horror at this accident, he immediately retreated to his chair, unmindful of the tea-cup which he had placed upon it, the contents of which now flowed upon the ground. Mrs. Seymour fell into convulsions of laughter, nor could Charlotte resist joining with her heartily. Julia checked her inclination to laugh, in compassion to poor Chartres, whose whole face became scarlet, and who suffered such torments of mind, that though his legs were a good deal scalded, he was for some time insensible to his bodily pains; and when he did feel them, had not courage either to complain or move from his seat, till Frederick Seymour perceived his situation, and offered to accompany him to another apartment. When he had changed his stockings, and felt his sufferings

VOL. I. F affuaged,

assuaged, he complained bitterly, that Mrs. Seymour made no more conscience of laughing at him, than if he was not related to her by the ties of blood; and lamented that a man's zeal to serve the most amiable part of the creation should expose him to such disgrace.

Mr. Seymour was not unemployed at the ball, though he did not dance, and forbore to play at whist, of which he was exceedingly fond. But lady ——— did not chuse to play, which was Mr. Seymour's reason for declining it: he seated himself next her, and exerted all his brilliant talents for her entertainment. She had been acquainted with him in London, and was so dazzled by his wit, and so charmed with the warmth and frankness of his manner, that he had gained a high place in her admiration and esteem: and he now contrived to blend some very delicate and agreeable flattery to herself in his remarks on the company. Lady ——— was handsome, amiable, and not insensible to praise, which was particularly grateful to her from Mr. Seymour, because she respected his abilities, and had a firm persuasion of his candour and sincerity. She believed, that had she been in the most obscure situation of life, he would have admired her as much, and loved her as fervently. She fancied that she had made a powerful impression on his heart; and, notwithstanding Lady ———'s disposition was virtuous, and she was determined never to deviate in essential points from the duty she owed to her husband, her early intercourse with the fashionable world had given her mind a laxity in its opinions on the subject of gallantry, though it had not power intirely to pervert her principles. She thought there was no harm in a fine woman's inspiring passion in other men as well as her husband; and in list-  
ening



ening to the language of love, or even in feeling the sentiment in her own bosom, so long as her conduct was without reproach. Having hitherto walked safely in a dangerous path, though it led along the edge of a precipice, she had now lost the apprehension of falling. Perhaps she would have been in more danger from Mr. Seymour than any of her other admirers, because he pursued the gratification of his passions with indefatigable perseverance, and with consummate powers of insinuation. But another object, with whom the reader will shortly be acquainted, at present occupied his heart; and his sole aim, in this tender attention to lady ——, was to obtain the exertion of her influence with her lord, which was very considerable, to procure Mr. Seymour some additional emoluments to the office he held under government. “Well,” said she, after they had conversed together a considerable time, “I must leave you now—our *tête-à-tête* has been quite long enough.” “Perhaps for *you*,” he replied, with a sigh. “No, indeed,” interrupted lady ——, “I’m not at all tired of you; but, if I stay any longer, these good country-folks will be making some obliging comments upon it.” “What! on your chatting with an old married man.” I think a *tête-à-tête* with so harmless a creature as I am, can scarcely furnish the gossips with a subject, notwithstanding the dearth of conversation in these parts.” “If I thought you *were* harmless,” answered lady ——, “I should like your friendship of all things.” This confession was followed by the most profuse, tender, ardent professions of regard on the part of Mr. Seymour. Their plan of friendship was immediately fixed, and he took a future opportunity of disclosing his political scheme, at the moment when he saw it would suc-

ceed; alledging such plausible reasons for the application, that she had not the least suspicion that it originated in the most sordid avarice. Lady ———, who scarcely knew the value of money herself, was not aware that Mr. Seymour could never be convinced that he possessed enough, while there was any means left untried of obtaining more. Avarice is a passion as despicable as it is hateful. It chuses the most insidious means for the attainment of its ends: it dares not pursue its object with the bold impetuosity of the soaring eagle, but skims the ground in narrow circles like the swallow.

Mr. F——— danced with Miss Tomkins; who, however, perceived that his whole thoughts were bent upon Julia; a discovery which produced sensations of a very painful nature in the mind of Miss Tomkins, who had for some time formed a serious matrimonial plot upon this gentleman, which she now perceived would very probably be defeated. It is necessary to give a short sketch of the character of this young lady.

Miss Tomkins was of low birth. Her father had a plodding head, and raised himself by unwearied diligence, and a constant and watchful attention to the main chance, from which nothing diverted his thoughts a single moment. He was one of those persons whom Sterne describes as walking straight forward through the path of this world; turning neither to the right hand, nor the left; and his application to business was at length rewarded by his obtaining the office of steward to a nobleman possessed of a very considerable estate. His daughter, who was at that time in her twenty-third year, was a young woman of superior understanding, and quick penetration into character. She had received an excellent education;  
and

and her mind was highly cultivated. Her talents had introduced her into a respectable society of the middle rank, perhaps the society of all others from which the greatest improvement may be derived; for the middle station of life appears to be that temperate region, in which the mind, neither enervated by too full a ray from prosperity, nor chilled and debased by the freezing blast of penury, is in the situation most favourable for every great and generous exertion.

No sooner was her father appointed steward to the earl of ———, than Miss Tomkins perceived that a new and splendid career was opened to her ambition. The countess of ——— invited her to spend a short time at their country seat. Miss Tomkins availed herself of this invitation with eagerness, and soon made herself well acquainted with the character of lady ———, managed her foibles skilfully, and in a short time became a great favourite, and a constant visitor at her house. This acquaintance led to others of the same consequence. Miss Tomkins's friendships were formed upon the calculations of interest: she was aware that all her prospects of fortune depended upon her father's life, and was anxious to provide farther securities of future affluence, in case this should fail. But she concealed the utmost subtlety of worldly policy, under the appearance of the greatest disinterestedness, and the most tender and genuine sensibility. Among her friends, she could number many people of talents, as well as rank; for her real character was only known to a few, to whom long acquaintance had developed it; but those few had too much honour to betray her, and felt more contempt than indignation at her total neglect of them, now she was introduced into an higher circle.

Mr.

Mr. F—— was a frequent visitor at the house of her patroness. Miss Tomkins found that he possessed accomplishments sufficient to gratify her pride, and a fortune ample enough to satisfy her ambition. He had appeared pleased with her conversation, and she hoped, in the course of a few weeks passed with him at lord ——'s seat, to confirm her empire over his heart; when the superior attractions of Julia at once defeated all her projects. How often do we build a gay palace in the air, decorate it with gold and purple, and almost fancy the foundation is a substantial one; till a passing breeze shakes the fair fabric, and scarcely leaves even a broken pillar on which the imagination may rest!



## C H A P. XV.

A Few days after the ball, lord and lady —, Miss Tomkins, and Mr. F——, were invited to dinner at Mr. Clifford's. Mr. F—— devoted his whole attention to Julia, which Mrs. Seymour was in no disposition to witness with the same complacency she had done at the ball; for lord —— was placed next another lady, and the other gentlemen at table were plain country squires.

Miss Tomkins affected to distinguish Julia with particular fondness, in order to conceal the envy and aversion which rankled in her heart. The pain she felt in making this effort, was perhaps a sufficient punishment for her malignity; and it would have cost her less trouble to conquer those bad passions, than it did to hide them from observation.

Charlotte entertained her guests in the most engaging manner. Her sweet countenance beamed with good-humour and vivacity; nor had she a suspicion that any of her company were strangers to that conscious serenity which filled her own gentle bosom. The pure and delicate sensations of a first passion, which is opposed by no duty, and embittered by no obstacle, shed over the mind a sweet enchantment, that renders every object agreeable, and every moment delightful: it is like that first fresh and vivid green which the early spring awakens; that lovely and tender verdure which is not found amidst the glow of summer, and is as transitory as it is charming.

Julia

Julia felt nothing but indifference for Mr. F——; but she saw that her behaviour was watched by Mr. Seymour, and was glad to avoid his scrutinizing looks, by engaging in conversation with that gentleman; which she did with an appearance of pleasure that threw Frederick Seymour into the utmost perturbation. This did not pass unnoticed by his brother, who had discovered, from many little circumstances since his arrival, that unhappy secret which Frederick Seymour thought was concealed from all observation. Mr. Seymour, however, determined to make no other use of his discovery than that of hastening, as far as was in his power, his brother's marriage with Charlotte, which he considered as a connection too advantageous to be lost for any reason whatever; nor did Mr. Seymour think that a passion for one woman was the smallest obstacle to a marriage with another. He was himself a libertine, both in principle and practice: he had conversed chiefly with the most worthless part of the female sex, and had conceived a very contemptible opinion of the principles of the female mind. He thought it was probable that Julia would soon marry: he saw, or fancied he saw, that his brother was not perfectly indifferent to her, and believed, that if he could not conquer his passion, he might at length find it returned.—Mr. Seymour's opinion was founded on his observation of Julia's extreme sensibility; but the conclusions of this reasoner were drawn from false premises: he did not know that in a mind where the principles of religion and integrity are firmly established, sensibility is not merely the ally of weakness, or the slave of guilt, but serves to give a stronger impulse to virtue; nor could his own mind, which was hardened and debased by the freedom of a licentious life,

life, form a conjecture of that horror which the idea of vice excites in a pure and ingenuous bosom. He did not know, that to a heart framed like that of Julia's, self-reproach would be the most insupportable of all evils; that she had sufficient fortitude to sustain any misery that was not connected with guilt, and sufficient rectitude never to separate the idea of pleasure from that of virtue. Virtue is indeed the only true support of pleasure; which, when disjoined from it, is like a plant when its fibres are cut, which may still look gay and lovely for a while, but soon decays and perishes.

Mr. Seymour, who had a curiosity to know if Chartres had any suspicion of his brother's partiality for Julia, proposed a walk to him, and, after a little conversation on other subjects, said to him, "Well, Mr. Chartres, is your heart in no danger among these fine young women? I suppose you feel no small envy of my happy brother." "Why really, Sir," said Chartres, "if I did not guess from my own feelings that it must be a pleasant thing to be on the point of marriage with Miss Charlotte Clifford, I should never find it out from Mr. Frederick Seymour; for, to tell you the truth, I think if he disliked the marriage, he would behave precisely as he does now." "Did you ever make this remark to any one before?"

"Yes, Sir; Miss Julia Clifford and I were walking together, a few days ago, as we generally do; for I believe Mr. Frederick Seymour would see her fall down a rock before he would offer to assist her, so I have that honour; and perhaps I acquit myself but awkwardly, yet she always seems better satisfied when I attend her, than when your brother offers his help. I really do not know how it has happened, Sir, but she and Mr. Frederick Seymour seem to have taken a great

aversion to each other; Is it not very strange?" "Very strange indeed, Mr. Chartres," said Mr. Seymour drily, "that they should feel so *great* an aversion as you mention: but let me hear what passed in your walk with Miss Julia Clifford."

"Why, Sir, as we walked under the shade of that woody hill near the house, I heard Miss Julia sigh very deeply. "Pray, Ma'am," said I, "don't sigh so heavily, *you* are not going to be married."

"What do you mean, Mr. Chartres?" said she.

"Why, Ma'am," I replied, "what I meant was this, that Mr. Frederick Seymour, who *is* going to be married, does nothing but sigh all day long; that is, when he and I are alone together; for, when any of you appear, he starts up, rubs his eyes, and puts on quite another sort of countenance. Now this behaviour seems to me quite inconsistent with reason, if he is happy; and by no means consonant to philosophy, if he is otherwise."

"Well Sir," said Mr. Seymour, "and what answer did the young lady make to these observations?" "Why, Sir, she was silent so long, that I thought she was not going to answer at all; but at last, she said, "that the seriousness which I had remarked was probably natural to Mr. Frederick Seymour's disposition, since he had certainly great reason to be happy at present;" she then begged I would not mention his fits of gravity to Charlotte, because such intelligence would give her no pleasure." "I entirely approve of Julia's advice," said Mr. Seymour, "and therefore we will keep the secret to ourselves." "With all my heart, Sir," said Chartres; "I own this is the first secret with which I was ever entrusted, but I have no doubt I shall be able to keep it."

Though some circumstances had betrayed Frederick Seymour's passion to his brother, it escaped  
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the vigilant observation of Mrs. Melbourne, who indeed seldom saw him but at meals. She however perceived that he was sometimes absent and thoughtful, which occasionally happened in spite of all his efforts, and she never failed to mention what she had remarked to Charlotte, only giving to absence and thoughtfulness, the epithets of sullenness and caprice; immediately after, asserting how much such qualities were to be dreaded in a husband; assuring her, at the same time, that the heart of man was composed of such slippery materials, that it could not long be retained by any plan of conduct, and that, upon the whole marriage was but another name for misfortune. Charlotte listened in submissive silence to these comfortable assertions, but felt no inclination to bewail her own fate; and, notwithstanding the gloomy forebodings of her aunt, thought that the evil, if such it was, of a union with the man she loved, might be submitted to with resignation. She could not be persuaded, in conformity to her aunt's doctrine, that happiness was as rare as the flower of the aloe, and that life was too short for its cultivation; but believed that the blossoms of joy were scattered as liberally as the primrose, or the violet, and that every traveller through the path of life might enjoy a share of their sweetness.

Meanwhile Frederick Seymour grew more and more wretched. Sometimes, with a degree of sophistry which passion dictated, he reasoned himself into a persuasion that it would be more generous to undeceive Charlotte, by making known to her the real state of his mind, than to impose on her credulity, by receiving her hand, when his heart was devoted to another. But a high sense of honor soon overturned this wretched casuistry. To inflict anguish on a heart which reposed on him  
with

with unsuspicious confidence, was an idea he could not long support; and he knew Julia's rectitude of mind too well, not to be convinced that such a conduct would banish him from her sight for ever. He felt that every principle of justice and generosity, demanded the absolute sacrifice of his own feelings; and he determined to marry Charlotte, to make her happiness his chief object, and to confine his wretchedness within his own bosom.

Yet, while he formed these laudable resolutions, he contrived, with strange infatuation, to cherish his unhappy passion. One evening Charlotte, while she was making tea, requested Julia to try some new music, which she had received from London, on the piano forte. Julia pulled off her gloves, and placed them hastily on her lap: one of them dropped on the floor while she was playing. Frederick Seymour, who was walking up and down the room, seized a moment when Charlotte was talking to Mrs. Seymour, and pretending to be looking over some songs which lay on the piano forte, dropped one of them on the spot where the glove lay, which he contrived to pick up, at the same time putting it hastily into his bosom. When Julia had finished the piece of music, she rose from the piano forte, and missed one of her gloves: she stooped to look for it, and Frederick Seymour affected to be busy in looking for it too; but in a few moments left the room with precipitation. Julia continued a little longer her vain search, and then hastened to join the company, disturbed and uneasy from a suspicion of what had really happened, which arose in her mind upon Seymour's leaving the room.

Seymour, when he reached his own apartment, locked the door, pulled the precious prize from his bosom, pressed it to his heart and lips ten thousand

and times, and was guilty of the most passionate extravagancies.

Affection, like genius, can build its structures "on the baseless fabrick of a vision;" and the estimation which things hold in a lover's fancy, can be tried by no calculations of reason. The lover, like the poor Indian, who prefers glass beads and red feathers to more useful commodities, sets his affections upon a trifle, which some illusion of fancy has endeared, and which is to him more valuable than the gems of the eastern world, or the mines of the west; while reason, like the sage European, who scorns beads and feathers, in vain condemns his folly.

When Seymour returned to the drawing-room, he was more gay, more animated, more agreeable than usual; while Julia marked her resentment of his conduct in the only way in her power, by behaving to him with the utmost reserve and coldness.

Mr. F——, after finding some pretence every day for a visit to Mr. Clifford's, at length ventured to declare to Julia her power over his heart, and to make proposals of marriage to her. Julia was sensible that by accepting Mr. F——, she would put a final end to her present perplexities, and perhaps banish for ever, from the mind of Seymour, that unhappy passion which her presence nourished. She felt too that Charlotte's friendship claimed every sacrifice in her power; and, perhaps, many will think the sacrifice it now required, might have been very easily made; and that, independently of all considerations respecting Charlotte, nothing could be more absurd than to hesitate in accepting so advantageous an offer. It must be acknowledged, that the young people of the present age have in general the wisdom to re-  
press

press those romantic feelings which used to triumph over ambition and avarice, and have adopted the prudent maxims of maturer life. Marriage is now founded on the solid basis of convenience, and love is an article commonly omitted in the treaty. But Julia, who had passed her life in retirement, was not so far advanced in the lessons of the world. Her heart, delicate, yet fervent in its affections, capable of the purest attachment, revolted at the idea of marrying where she did not love; and, though she was now unhappy, she determined not to fly from her present evils to a species of wretchedness, of all others the most intolerable to a mind of her disposition.

She refused Mr. F—— in such a manner as convinced him that he possessed much of her esteem. He was a man of sense and spirit: he did not, therefore, degrade himself by abject solicitation, or disgust the object of his affection by reiterating those expressions of passion, which he knew were more likely to change indifference into aversion, than love; as the pale evening flower shrinks from the warmth of those beams by which other flowers are cherished. Mr. F—— accepted with gratitude the friendship Julia offered him, and was, perhaps, not without hopes of inspiring her in time with more tender sentiments.

Miss Tomkins, mean while, left lord ——'s seat, and Mr. F——, with infinite reluctance. But she saw that he was an object of perfect indifference to Julia, and believed, that when rejected by that young lady, he would renew his attentions to herself.





## C H A P. XVI.

**O**NE morning, when Mr. Clifford and Mr. Seymour were gone on a fishing party, and Mrs. Seymour was engaged in writing letters, Julia, at the request of Charlotte, went out with her on horseback, accompanied by Frederick Seymour, and Chartres. Charlotte proposed that they should take a path they had not yet explored, near the borders of the lake, which led to the ruins of an old abbey, about six miles distant.

The country afforded a wild variety of landscape, but the view was sometimes obstructed by hills, and the path sometimes winded under hanging rocks, piled rudely together. At length they came to a narrow road, which led for two miles along the edge of a precipice. A ridge of horrid cliffs frowned above, and at the bottom of this dangerous path was a deep chasm, through which a noisy, rapid stream, rolling over a stony channel, forced its way into the lake. Seymour trembled at every step, not for himself, for no life was more indifferent to him than his own; but Julia was mounted on a very sprightly horse, who, if startled by any object, would inevitably throw his fair rider into the gloomy abyss beneath. Seymour's imagination was so possessed by this frightful image, that he was some time before he could recover his composure, after they had reached the end of this formidable road, which opened to a wooded hill, near whose broad base, on a gentle declivity, the ancient abbey was seated; commanding a view of the lake, with its  
sublime

sublime scenery, and shaded by large groups of venerable trees.

Before he approached the abbey, Seymour insisted that the ladies should not repass that formidable road on horseback; and they agreed to send the servants and horses forward, and walk those two miles. Chartres expatiated on the prudence of this plan, after having made a declamation of some length, on the disagreeable sensations of fear.

The party now came to the remains of an old wall, of considerable extent, that appeared to have surrounded the building. A mouldering gothic gate led to a spacious area overgrown with tall grass: huge fragments of stone, which had fallen from the decayed towers, were scattered upon the ground, and rendered the access difficult to the inner part of the abbey, which was on this side entirely dismantled; there being only the remains of the ruined walls, and towards the east a large gothic window, which shook at every blast, and appeared to be entirely supported by the branches of tall elms that had grown in the inside of the building, among its scattered fragments.

On the other side of the abbey, a narrow stone staircase of one of the towers still remained; which Chartres having ascended, hastened to assure the ladies that the ascent was extremely easy, and that when they reached the top they would find themselves amply rewarded for their trouble. Charlotte, however, had not sufficient courage for this expedition; but Julia was eager to explore every part of the ruins, and ascended the staircase with Chartres, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Seymour; who was persuaded she would meet with some accident, and cast an indignant look at Chartres for making the proposition. Julia found the  
staircase

staircase much decayed: many of the steps were broken; the roof was so low that one could not stand upright; and the light was only admitted through narrow clefts in the thick stone wall. This ascent opened on a turret which commanded a noble prospect, and connected the shattered towers together; leading also to a narrow footway round the top of the chapel, the walls of which were still entire, though the whole roof had fallen in, except one arch, carved with the most exquisite fret-work, and which, when surveyed from below, seemed suspended in air, and threatened with every breeze to crush the prying mortal who trod those hallowed precincts. Seymour was obliged to remain below with Charlotte; and, when he looked up and saw Julia on that dangerous height, felt all his enthusiasm for ruined abbies vanish, and wished this tottering pile had long ago been levelled to its foundations. Meantime, Julia gazed from the turret on the sublime landscape which surrounded her, and the venerable ruins, with that solemn emotion so grateful to a contemplative mind. "Surely," thought she, (in the fervor of an elevated spirit,) "surely the inhabitants of this retreat were happy!—Ah, could it be difficult to renounce a world, where an ardent heart so often finds its hopes disappointed, its joys embittered, and seek for 'Peace, the sacred sister of the cell!' This vast expanse of water, the distant sound of that falling torrent, and those lofty mountains that arrest the clouds in their progress, must have inspired a frame of mind, in which the concerns of the world are considered in all their littleness, and have no power to affect our tranquillity."—Such were the reflections which passed in Julia's mind, but which only lasted till she was out of sight of the abbey.

When she descended from the turret, they walked over the floor of the chapel, which was now covered with loose stones, half overgrown with nettles. Under the towers were a number of gloomy subterraneous apartments with vaulted roofs, the use of which imagination was left to guess, and could only appropriate to punishment and horror.

Charlotte, who had in vain reminded Julia several times of going home, now told her, "That she hoped she was not determined to take up her abode at the abbey; because," added Charlotte, "though our own house is less sublime, it has the advantage of being roofed." Julia consented to go; and, as they passed through the area of the building, they heard the shrill cry of the daws and rooks, and the twittering note of the swallows and martins, which now occupied this habitation, deserted by man.

When the party had passed through the old gateway, they stopped to look at the thick moss, and rich folds of ivy, whose mantling branches overspread, with the wildest luxuriance, this haunt of desolation. The wind had risen, and the lake was violently agitated: Julia turned her eyes from the abbey, to contemplate the surges of the lake, while Charlotte, who was at a little distance behind, leaning on Seymour, stopped to look at a cavity in the wall, in which the snail had made his nest. At that moment a gust of wind shook the building, and some loose stones fell from the top of the wall and rolled with velocity down the hill, in the direction where Julia was walking; whom they would inevitably have crushed in their passage, if Seymour had not flown with impetuosity and snatched her from the impending destruction. She received no other injury than a blow from a small stone,



stone, that struck her ankle, which was bruised by the stroke, and became swelled and painful from the swiftness with which he had hurried her over the rough and hilly grounds. Supported by Charlotte and Seymour, who, in his present agitation, forgot his usual scruples, and felt no disposition to resign his charge to Chartres, Julia walked on slowly. Chartres was sent forward to the place where the servants and horses were waiting, with orders that one of the men should hasten home, and send the carriage to that spot. In the mean time, Julia walked with great difficulty along that narrow and dangerous road which has been before described, and which was two miles in length; but she had not gone far before her ankle swelled so much, that it could support her weight no longer, and she was unable to proceed. "I will go," said Seymour, "and bring the servants to assist me, in conveying Miss Clifford to the carriage." "No, no," replied Charlotte, "here is no place for Julia to rest on: you can support her better than me, and I will run to the top of this rising ground, and look for the carriage." "Mr. Seymour will go faster than you," said Julia. "I shall be back instantly," replied Charlotte; and she flew with a light step up the hill, before Julia had time to frame any farther objection to her going. Julia felt uneasy at being left alone with Seymour: she was obliged to lean on his arm, and he hung over her in silence, but with a look that spoke his feelings more forcibly than any words he could have uttered.—She wished to speak, but had no power to make the effort; and appeared to feel considerable pain. "Oh, why was I not a moment sooner," said Seymour, with much emotion, "that I might have saved you those sufferings!" "They are very trifling," said

said Julia, "and you have surely no cause of self-reproach on that score, since you preserved my life at the risk of your own." "Oh," cried he, with vehemence, "if you knew in how little estimation I hold my life, you would not think I had any merit in having hazarded it:—but the reflection that I have been the instrument of your preservation, I shall ever cherish as the most delightful that can occupy my mind!" He spoke, but Julia could no longer listen: overcome with pain of body, and agitation of mind, she grew faint; and Charlotte, at that moment, returned with Chartres: and the servants, who assisted Seymour in conveying Julia to the carriage. She had walked a considerable way after the accident: her ankle was violently swelled, and bruised by the blow, and the pain she suffered, joined to more than common fatigue that morning, occasioned some degree of fever; and she was confined a few days to her room.

Frederick Seymour now found, that, however painful were his sensations in her presence, the pang which her absence awakened was more insupportable than any other. Although she constantly treated him with a degree of reserve, which wrung his heart with anguish, it was still a consolation to be near her. It was soothing to hear her voice, though her lips to him had lost their utterance. It was a pleasure to hang upon her looks, though from him her eyes were averted. He was so restless and uneasy, that he did little else but wander from one apartment to another, seizing with avidity the most trivial information he could procure respecting her, from any of the family.

Mr. Seymour was almost as anxious as his brother for Julia's recovery; for he saw, that if her  
illness

illness lasted much longer, there was some reason to fear that his behaviour would betray the secrets of his heart, and that Charlotte's great fortune would be lost to the family. When Julia was well enough to leave her room, she was led to the drawing-room by Charlotte, who placed her on the sofa, and then left her to dress for dinner. A short time after, Frederick Seymour entered the room, without knowing she was there. His delight at seeing her was too great to be suppressed: he flew to the sofa, seized her hand, which she in vain endeavoured to withdraw, pressed it to his lips, and poured forth expressions of the most unbounded rapture at her recovery. "You seem determined, Sir," said Julia, snatching her hand from him, "to make me wish I was still confined to my room." "How cruel, how inhuman," cried he, "after so many days of distraction, to forbid the momentary expression of joy, which rushes from my soul to my lips at the sight of you! What have I done? how have I deserved?"—"Oh heaven!" said Julia, leaning back on the sofa, and turning very pale, "how have I deserved this persecution?—Leave me, Sir, instantly; I am too weak at present"—She stopt, unable to proceed. Seymour, with a frantic look, passionately exclaimed, "Oh, wretch that I am!—you are ill—look up, angelic excellence!—what have I said? have I dared to utter a complaint? a complaint of you!—Oh, say but you forgive me! men stretched upon the rack, in the extremity of their misery, are sometimes wicked enough to impeach the guiltless."—Mr. Chartres at this moment entered the room, and made Julia a low bow, accompanied with all the positions, which were very familiar to him at present; for he had practised a little dancing privately in his own room every

every day since the ball, with a laudable wish to make himself more agreeable to the ladies. He congratulated Julia upon her recovery, informing her, at the same time, "that the whole human race were subject to accident, and infirmity; that such was the law of our nature, from which neither the vigour of youth nor the bloom of beauty were exempt; and recommending to her earnestly the study of mathematics, which, if she felt any disposition to repine, would fortify her mind against the casualties of life."

Julia, though she was unable to listen to his harangue, found a relief in his presence, and in a few minutes grew better; while Frederick Seymour walked up and down the room in a distracted manner, frequently putting his hand to his forehead with the action of a man in despair, and enquiring of Julia, a thousand times over, if she found herself better; till the appearance of the rest of the family obliged him to rouse his faculties, and assume a look of calmness to which his heart was a stranger.

Charlotte, during Julia's confinement to her room, had found her one morning looking over some papers; and spied among them a Sonnet to Hope, written by Julia, of which Charlotte took a copy.



## S O N N E T

T O

## H O P E.

**O**H, ever skill'd to wear the form we love !  
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,  
 Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove  
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.  
 Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;  
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom !  
 That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,  
 Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.—  
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray  
 Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye !  
 Oh strew no more, sweet flatterer ! on my way  
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die.  
 Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,  
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest !

## C H A P. XVII.

**M**R. Seymour now fixed the day for his departure from Mr. Clifford's seat, where the uniform mode of living began to grow extremely irksome to him, who required variety of amusements, who was accustomed to a wide range of dissipation and gaiety, and could not long be confined, without disgust, to the circle of domestic enjoyments. Besides, every purpose of his visit was now fully answered, having staid a sufficient time to ingratiate himself completely into Mr. Clifford's favour, who conceived the highest opinion of his worth, and offered to assist him with all his influence, (which his large fortune rendered very considerable in the country where he lived,) in some electioneering business. Independently, however, of this particular consideration, Mr. Seymour had foreseen that Mr. Clifford's interest might on many occasions be of use, and had therefore determined to secure it himself, trusting but little to the mediation of Frederick Seymour, who he knew was a novice in the arts of solicitation, and was not likely to make any improvement in a science which he disdained.

Mr. Seymour had secured Julia's esteem by his apparent candour and benevolence, and had obtained her admiration by the brilliancy of his conversation, and fine taste for those elegant arts which she loved with the fondest enthusiasm. She saw that he had long discovered his brother's passion for her, and felt grateful to him for the kindness and delicacy with which, on many occasions,

casions, he had relieved her embarrassments, without appearing to observe them, and had often saved Frederick Seymour from betraying his emotions, by giving a playful turn to the conversation. Julia was not aware, that Mr. Seymour's motive for this conduct was neither kind nor delicate; and arose merely from his apprehension of his brother's losing an advantageous marriage, in which the interest of the whole family was concerned. But the real motives which influence men of the world, can be as little known from their actions, as the original hue of some muddy substance, which, by chemical operations, has been made to assume a tint of the purest colour.

The task of obtaining Julia's friendship was by no means unpleasant to Mr. Seymour, who was charmed with her beauty, and sometimes extolled it with a freedom of admiration, which he found was extremely disgusting to a mind so delicate, and from which he had therefore at length the prudence to desist.

It was agreed that Frederick Seymour should accompany Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Melbourne, to London, to settle some affairs, and to hire a villa which Mr. Seymour recommended to him, about thirty miles from town; where he might bring Charlotte immediately upon her marriage, which was to take place within a fortnight.

Mrs. Melbourne looked forward with secret satisfaction to the period of her departure from Mr. Clifford's, for she began to grow exceedingly tired for want of her usual occupations; having no servants to scold when alone, and to complain of when in company; and, though in Mr. Clifford's numerous train of domestics she saw a fine field for action, yet she was not at liberty to display her

talents for command, and could take no part in the management of the household, except that of warning Charlotte against the impositions of servants, whom she always mentioned as the most degenerate of the human race. But, unhappily for the success of these doctrines, Charlotte had already found by experience, that kindness awakened gratitude, and that confidence ensured affection. The human heart revolts against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness, as the wave of the ocean rises in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sinks with the breeze into mildness and serenity. Mrs. Melbourne met with as little encouragement in the comments which she occasionally made upon the visitors at Mr. Clifford's house; where she could find no person to whom sarcasm and severity were agreeable, except Mrs. Seymour, and began to pine for more auditors.

In this mansion, which was the abode of benevolence and universal good-will, Mrs. Melbourne was in the situation of an unfortunate wasp who has lost his sting, and, though he still feels a great inclination for mischief, has no power to gratify it. The frequent reading parties at Mr. Clifford's afforded that lady as little amusement as the stile of conversation in this family; where the best new publications were sent from town, and perused with a degree of candour, which gave her no small offence. She felt that, next to bestowing money, nothing was so disagreeable as bestowing praise; and was almost as avaricious of commendation as of gold, to all except her daughter, to whom she was ever ready to give an accumulated heap of both. Mrs. Melbourne was, however, too prudent to dispute the merit of those literary performances, whose claims to applause had been long



long appreciated by the voice of the public ; but, where genius was not clad in the strong armour of mature reputation, she crept like the snake to the cradle of Hercules, and with better success, for she could dart upon an infant author with great skill and ingenuity—

“ Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
“ And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.”

But what, more than either her desire of power, or her fondness of satire, impelled Mrs. Melbourne to hasten her departure, was, that she had caught a cold, and began to apprehend that the air of the north was too sharp for her constitution. She had a more than common horror at the thoughts of dying, and, whenever that terrific idea obtruded itself, hastened to banish it from her affrighted mind by every effort in her power ; and, when she failed of success, endeavoured to find comfort in recollecting all the instances of longevity she had ever heard, and which were carefully treasured in her memory. She found some refuge for her fears in such of her acquaintances as were older, and more infirm than herself ; and hoped, by an unremitting care of her own person, to extend life to its utmost limits : but, when attacked by the slightest malady, she instantly fancied that she perceived the approaches of the grisly phantom, couched under the head-ach, or advancing in the rear of a cold, and armed herself for defence with a formidable force of medicine. Nor was there a disorder to which the human frame is liable, of which she had not felt, at some period or other, the most indubitable symptoms. Her physician, who was a man of a very liberal mind, sometimes

G 2

reasoned,

reasoned, and sometimes laughed at her weakness ; but pleasantry and reason were both administered in vain to her disordered imagination, which preferred a prescription to argument, and a cordial drug to the gayest effusions of wit.

The day of Mr. Seymour's departure arrived, and Mr. Clifford proposed, with his daughter and niece, to accompany the travellers twenty miles on their journey. The whole family accordingly set out together. Julia was at some pains to avoid going in the same carriage with Frederick Seymour ; and, at the inn where the party stopped to breakfast before they separated, she was careful to place herself at a distance from him. He did not venture to approach her, but appeared thoughtful and melancholy.

When the carriages were ready, Charlotte took hold of Mrs. Seymour's arm, and they went out together. Frederick Seymour was near the door, and Julia kept back, pretending to look at something from the window, till she thought he was gone : but he suffered the other gentlemen to pass him, and then, after desiring aloud to have the honour of handing her down stairs, he stopped her for a moment, and said, in the greatest agitation, " Must I, then, leave you under the cruel impression of having entirely forfeited your esteem ?" " If *that*, Sir, was of any value to you———" " *If*," interrupted he, with vehemence, " it was of any value to me ! What a cruel surmise !—Ah, when that esteem is altogether lost, the link by which I hold my existence will be broken. In pity to the wretchedness of my heart, say that you will forgive the past." " I will remember it no more."

They

They now reached the door of the inn, and Frederick Seymour, in the perturbation of his mind, almost forgot to bid Charlotte farewell; who, however, attributed his apparent chagrin to the thoughts of his separation from herself.

Mr. Chartres had displayed so much unaffected sorrow at the prospect of leaving Mr. Clifford's, that he received an invitation from that gentleman to remain with him till his return to town. This young man had one peculiarity in which he resembled Mr. Nathaniel Transfer\*; (a personage whose acquaintance every reader of taste is, no doubt, proud to acknowledge). Mr. Chartres only liked those things to which he had been long *accustomed*. He had looked forward to his introduction at Mr. Clifford's with a degree of apprehension which sometimes deprived him of appetite, and sometimes of rest; but, being now *accustomed* to the family, he desired no happiness beyond its society, and was in transports of joy when he found that happiness would be prolonged; remarking, in their way home, "That pleasure, after uneasiness, was particularly grateful to the heart of man; and, in my opinion," added he, "the country, to those who have a competent knowledge of Greek, Latin, and experimental philosophy, is far preferable to a town." "Well, Mr. Chartres," said Charlotte, "I can entertain myself in the country without being obliged to any of your auxiliaries." But a man who has leisure," replied Chartres, "should not live merely for his own entertainment, but have recourse to science, for the benefit of posterity." Charlotte asked him, "if he intended, in kindness to posterity, to adopt those studies when he came back from the East?"

\* Vide Zeluco.

“Certainly,” answered Charlotte; “and although I consider riches as an ignoble pursuit, my love of experimental philosophy will prompt me to acquire wealth, in the hopes of adding something to the stock of useful learning at my return to my native country.”

Mr. Clifford and his party, in their way home, came to the foot of a very steep hill, and Charlotte proposed that they should alight, and walk up the hill. In their way, they passed a small cottage, or rather hut, where they saw a lovely young woman, who appeared about eighteen years of age, sitting at the door, and crying bitterly: two little girls were crying with her. “What is the matter?” said Charlotte: one of the children answered, “that *she* cried because Hannah cried.” “Have you met with any misfortune?” said Charlotte. “My poor dog, Madam,” answered the young woman, sobbing, “I have lost him.” “Is that all?” rejoined Charlotte, “you can get another dog.” “But he will not have been Harry’s dog,” replied the young woman; who then, in a voice often choaked by tears, told Charlotte her story. She had been courted by a young peasant, and the day was fixed for their wedding. Her father and mother were both dead; but her brother, with whom *she* lived, had bought her a new gown, and a set of red ribbands for her marriage; when her lover returning home from his work one stormy night, across a rapid stream, the boat upset, and the young man was drowned. His dog, Rover, had jumped into the water, dragged his master on shore, and then lay down near the dead body moaning most piteously. Hannah, and her brother, who began to fear, from Harry’s long stay, that some evil had befallen him,  
went



went out to look for him, and found his corpse on the bank of the stream, and Rover stretched beside it. Poor Hannah, at the sight of her dead lover, wished to die too ; but her brother intreated her to be comforted, and live for the sake of her young brothers and sisters. It was with difficulty that Hannah could be torn from her lover's corpse, and Rover seemed as unwilling to leave it as herself. " Rover," she said, " if he had been a christian, could not have loved his master better, or took his loss more to heart ; and ever since that time, it had been a sort of comfort to her to have the poor dog always with her. " Many a time," she said, " she had talked to him of his master, and often, when they had victuals enough for themselves and Rover too, she had gone without a morsel, to give it to him ; for Rover eat as much as any of the children ; and now he had gone and lost himself in the wood." Julia asked her " if it was not a pleasure to take care of those pretty children, and see them thrive." She said " Yes, she would try and live as long as she could, for their sakes, but she knew her heart would break at last." A countryman now appeared at a distance, calling out, " Hannah, Hannah !" He was her brother, with Rover in his arms. Hannah flew to the dog, kissed him a thousand times, and asked him, how he could leave her ? Rover wagged his tail heartily, and seemed to partake in the joy of their meeting. There were many marks of extreme poverty discernible in these poor people, and their habitation, although they made no complaint. But it would seem that the precious essence of content can be more easily extracted from the simple materials of the poor, than from the various preparations of the rich. Its pure and fine spirit rises from a few plain ingredients, brighter and clearer

clearer than from that magical cup of dissipation, where the powerful, and the wealthy, with lengthened incantations, pour their costly infusions—"double, double, toil and trouble!"

Mr. Clifford asked Peter, "How he could get enough by his work to maintain so large a family?" Peter said, "To be sure it was not easy, but they were good children, and moreover, he had promised his father, when he lay a dying, to take care of them; but sometimes he could get no work, and then it went a little hard with them to be sure." Mr. Clifford, touched by the simple goodness of this young peasant, generously offered to give him a cottage in his own neighbourhood, and to employ him in working in his grounds. The proposal was accepted with transport; and, the very next day, Peter, accompanied by Hannah, the children, and Rover, set out for his new habitation.

Julia and Charlotte employed themselves in making camlet gowns and round caps for the children, who were delighted with their new finery; while poor Hannah cried, and said, "she never thought to be so happy again; and she wished Harry had but lived to see the little ones in their new gowns, for he always loved the children." The happiness of this poor family was amply shared by their kind benefactors. Charlotte was so busy in furnishing their cottage, and providing for their wants, that she almost forgot the absence of her lover; and Julia assisted, with delighted assiduity, in these offices of charity.

## C H A P. XVIII.

**F**REDERICK Seymour, in his letters to Charlotte, informed her that business would detain him in town longer than he expected; and the day he fixed for his return was only that preceding the day of his marriage. Afraid of trusting his feelings in so critical a situation, he determined to delay his return as long as it was possible.

The day before that on which Seymour was expected, Mr. Clifford was invited to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where an old friend of his was just arrived from the East Indies, and was to pass one night in his way to the habitation of his parents. Mr. Clifford could not deny himself the satisfaction of presenting his daughter to his friend; and Charlotte, though her mind was too much occupied by the approaching change in her situation, to leave her any inclination for company, determined to go, because her father wished it.

Julia, agitated and oppressed, desired nothing so much as a day of solitude, in which she might fortify her mind by reflection, form plans for her future conduct, settle every account with her own heart, and prepare to meet Frederick Seymour with composure, and even cheerfulness. She therefore complained of being slightly indisposed, and requested permission to remain at home, which was reluctantly granted. Mr. Chartres accompanied Mr. Clifford and Charlotte, and Julia saw them depart with pleasure, soothed with the prospect

pect of one day of tranquility. She walked to her favourite nook, that overhung the lake, and contemplated the majesty of nature; passed some hours in meditation, and returned home with a mind elevated above the sadness and depression with which she had set out.

After dinner she visited some of the cottagers. It was a bright afternoon in October, and she loitered in her way home to admire the rich variety of tints which were cast on the surrounding scenery; she then saw the setting sun sinking slowly behind a hill at some distance, from which a vapour ascended that was tinged, as it arose, by the glowing rays, and gave the broad summit of the hill the appearance of a stream of floating flame.

Julia had never before observed this effect of the setting sun, which she gazed at till the bright vision gradually dissolved, and "Twilight grey, had in her sober liv'ry all things clad." To a lover of nature, the last days of autumn are peculiarly interesting. We take leave of the fading beauties of the season with a melancholy emotion, somewhat similar to that which we feel in bidding farewell to a lively and agreeable companion, whose presence has diffused gladness, whose smile has been the signal of pleasure, and whom we are uncertain of beholding again: for, though the period of his return is fixed, *who*, amidst the casualties of life, can be secure, that, in the interval of absence, *his* eye shall not be closed in darkness, and *his* heart have lost the sensation of delight?

When Julia returned to the house she found one of the servants was sent back by Charlotte with a note, informing her, that her father had been prevailed on to remain that night. Julia was thankful for this reprieve. She congratulated herself on the  
comfort



comfort of one evening of undisturbed calmness, brought a volume of each of her favourite poets, Pope and Thomson, from the library, and ordered tea, to which she thought that stillness and poetry gave a more agreeable flavour than usual, when the door was suddenly opened by Frederick Seymour. At his appearance, she started from her seat; but immediately recollecting herself, spoke to him with all the composure she could assume. "Mr. Seymour," said she, "you were so little expected to-night, that my uncle and Charlotte are gone to pay a visit." "I thought," he answered, with great emotion, "that it would not have been in my power to return to-night, but, as my business was finished, I had little inclination to remain absent till to-morrow." He appeared in much agitation. Julia, on her part, determined to support the trial of the evening with firmness and dignity, talked on subjects of indifference. Afraid of any interval of silence, she made an effort, the most painful, to keep up a conversation, almost intirely unsupported on the part of Seymour; and, without seeming to observe his confusion, continued speaking, till at length he recovered some degree of composure.

When other topics were exhausted, Julia, disturbed and unhappy, almost unable to speak, and yet terrified to remain silent, had recourse, in her perplexities, to the setting sun, whose uncommon appearance that evening we described; though, in the present perturbation of her thoughts, it had lost all power of affecting her imagination: she painted the scene with little energy, and the picture seemed to interest Seymour still less than herself. She then talked of the country, which was, at present, as indifferent to her as the setting sun; and obliged Seymour to repeat descriptions of the  
sublime

sublime scenes of Switzerland, which he had often given her before with animation and spirit, and which he now gave with the utmost coldness and difficulty. Thence she took refuge in Italy, and made him lead her through half Europe, glad to be transported, as far as possible from herself.

Tea was protracted as long as she could—it was having something to do. When that resource failed, she took up her work, affected to be very busy, and asked him to read some of Pope's moral epistles, which lay upon the table. He read very ill, and with such absence of mind, that, when Julia, at the end of an epistle, mentioned the passages which particularly pleased her, he answered in such a manner as shewed that he scarcely recollected the subject. At length the description of Timon's villa put him in mind of the contrast between that and the beautiful villa he had just taken; and he laid down the book, to give Julia an account of the disposition of the grounds, with which she appeared extremely pleased. "And when will you visit it?" said Seymour, in a tone of emotion. "Probably next summer," she answered. "Not till next summer!" rejoined Seymour. "You will, I believe, be settled in town," said Julia, "before my uncle leaves this place; if not, we shall certainly come in search of Charlotte." "Charlotte!" he repeated—"she is very amiable." "She is indeed," said Julia, with earnestness, "every thing the heart can wish in a domestic companion." She then gave Seymour the history of the poor peasant's family, and described, with enthusiasm, Charlotte's active benevolence. "Oh! why," said Seymour, with an emotion he seemed wholly unable to controul, "why, when Charlotte possesses so many virtues, should there exist *one*, to whom Charlotte—Oh Julia!

your

your penetration has discovered——” She immediately rose to leave the room. “ Oh stay but one moment,” he eagerly cried, “ in compassion, Madam, stay but while I solemnly assure you, that you have nothing more to fear from my complaints—that they shall never again be uttered in your presence, that they shall never again disturb your felicity.—Oh may every felicity attend you!—may *you* be happy, when the grave shall have covered my despair, and my heart shall retain no longer those sensations, which are interwoven with my existence.” Julia walking towards the door as fast as she could, he came up to her: “ Say but you forgive me—Oh go not, Madam, if you wish me to preserve life or reason, go not from me in displeasure!” She turned back: her eyes were filled with tears. “ I return, Sir,” she said, in a faltering voice, “ only to tell you, that another scene like this, will force me to forsake the asylum I have found beneath my uncle’s roof, and conceal myself where I may never more be heard of.” “ Oh do not terrify me with such images; in compassion forgive the raving of madness, and never shall they again offend you.” The anguish of his looks, and the extreme perturbation of his voice and manner affected her. “ I will forget what is past,” she faintly pronounced. He seized her hand, and pressed it to his heart. She hastened out of the room: he held the door open, and looked after her, till she had crossed the saloon, and was out of sight.

When she had sufficiently recovered herself, she rung the bell for her maid, told her she was not very well, and desired, that one of the servants would beg of Mr. Seymour to order supper for himself at what hour he chose. Seymour passed the evening in an agitation of mind, which gave him

him reason to repent of the weakness that had led him to change his resolution not to return till the next day.

Julia, for a short time, indulged that sadness excited by the painful scene which had past. She then tried to read, but could not command her attention, and walked to a window, where she saw, above some dark rocks, that overhung the lake in the shape of ruins, the sky tinged with a variety of colours, which were reflected on the surface of the water. The northern lights flashed over the hemisphere, and their motion was stronger than usual. Julia gazed a considerable time on those beautiful appearances of nature, and in such contemplation, which had ever a most powerful effect on her mind, regained some composure before she retired to rest.



## C H A P. XIX.

THE following morning Julia breakfasted in her own apartment, and Mr. Clifford and Charlotte returned soon after. Through the course of this day, Julia avoided, as much as was in her power, the sight of Seymour, for she trembled lest any discovery of his feelings should yet prevent the marriage, and earnestly wished for the arrival of the succeeding day, which would for ever unite him to another, and, by banishing all suspense and doubt, lead him to exert the constancy and resolution of his spirit. And she hoped, that when his situation was irrevocable, the certainty of its being so would prove a great and powerful antidote against the indulgence of unavailing regrets.

Mr. Clifford was in high spirits, and Chartres displayed, though somewhat in a bungling manner, his sympathy in the felicity of his friends. The whole house was a scene of general cheerfulness; the servants were busy in adjusting their silver favours, and making preparations for the marriage day; and, as Charlotte was beloved by every individual in the family, all were solicitous and proud to display their joy and exultation.

Mean while, Seymour passed the day in the most violent struggles of passion, the most cruel conflict between honour and inclination. But, when we attempt to describe the struggles of passion, how inadequate is language to its purpose?—Where are the words that shall convey a just idea of the pangs

pangs of wounded affection?—Alas! the heart can feel more strongly than the imagination can paint; and even while we have the sigh of commiseration for the sufferer, we do not reflect on the full force of his sufferings. We cannot exactly judge of the bitterness of those moments when the overwhelmed spirit flies to solitude to give vent to its stifled agonies; when sorrow absorbs every faculty of the soul; when it rejects every thought of consolation, and finds a gloomy indulgence in nourishing its own wretchedness! Yet Seymour was obliged to appear not merely contented, but animated and happy. Oh, surely the moment in which misery is most intolerable to the human mind, is, when we are condemned to conceal its despondency under the mask of joy! to wear a look of gladness, while our souls are bleeding with that wound which gives a mortal stab to all our future peace! It is then the anguish, which has been for a moment repulsed to make room for other ideas, rushes with redoubled force upon the sickening heart, and oppresses it with a species of torment little short of madness. The effusions of gaiety, which are so exhilarating to a mind at ease, come to an aching breast as a ray of the sun falls upon ice, too deep to be penetrated by its influence.

Charlotte and Julia, the next morning, went in one carriage, and Mr. Clifford, Seymour, and Chartres, in another, to the church of ———, where the marriage ceremony was performed. They returned, accompanied by the clergyman, to breakfast, after which, the new-married pair were to set out for the country seat that was prepared for their reception, and where they were to pass some weeks. When the carriages which were to convey the married couple, and their attendants, were ready, Charlotte, after embracing  
Julia,

Julia, and taking leave of Chartres, felt her heart too full at this awful separation from her father, to bid him farewell before a number of witnesses : she could not trust her voice, but taking his hand, led him to another room. The clergyman and Chartres fauntered, mean time, to the door of the saloon, to examine the equipage in waiting ; and Seymour and Julia were left together. " Will you suffer me," he said, " Miss Clifford, before I go, to express the regret—the contrition I feel, for all the uneasiness my conduct must have given you ? May I implore you to banish from your remembrance, that persecution for which I feel the truest penitence ; and to believe that my respect, my admiration of your virtues—" " Talk no more, Sir, of the past," she replied : then, rising from her seat, she added, " I must go in search of Charlotte." " Will you not," rejoined Seymour, " greatly as I have offended, bestow one generous wish for my peace at parting ?" " I sincerely wish, Sir, your felicity, and surely no mortal has a fairer prospect of happiness than yourself." " Of happiness !" he exclaimed, and, after a moment's pause, added, " May you, Madam, be happy as your virtues deserve, happy as I wish you !—To hear of your felicity will be the only"—then checking himself, he said, " but I will not presume to detain you." Julia was hastening out of the room, when Mr. Clifford and Charlotte returned : the two friends again embraced each other in silence. Mr. Clifford led his daughter to the carriage, Seymour followed, and in a few minutes Charlotte was out of sight of her paternal dwelling.

Mr. Clifford feasted his tenants liberally ; who drank with much vociferation to the happiness of their fair mistress ; and the day was passed in festivity.

tivity. Chartres joined heartily in the general mirth, and, when his spirits were elevated by repeated toasts to Charlotte's felicity, sung his best songs for the entertainment of the company. He had a very powerful voice, and sung as he danced, with all his strength and might, and as if he thought the first excellence of singing was to be loud.

Julia, in an adjoining apartment, thankfully listened to this noisy merriment, which, by engaging Mr. Clifford's attention, spared her the task of struggling with a conscious sadness that weighed upon her heart, and which, though she determined to subdue it, refused to be instantly repulsed by any effort of her reason. Chartres alarmed her not a little, by enquiring of Mr. Clifford, "what could be the reason that Mr. Seymour turned as pale as death when he presented his bride with the wedding-ring?" Mr. Clifford replied, "That it was not uncommon to be agitated on so solemn an occasion." To this Chartres rejoined, "That Mr. Seymour's countenance that morning, had convinced him, that matrimony was a very solemn affair indeed."



## C H A P. XX.

**J**ULIA's perplexities were now over. She felt that she ought to be happy, and endeavoured to persuade herself that she was so. Nevertheless, the scenes which had passed with Seymour, had left her mind in a state of disturbance and depression, which she could not immediately conquer, but which she determined not to indulge.

By her affectionate attention, she tried to supply to Mr. Clifford the loss of his daughter; made every effort to be cheerful; and when, in spite of her efforts, her cheerfulness forsook her, she imputed it to an anxious solicitude which hung upon her mind respecting Charlotte's happiness.

It was fortunate that Julia had at this time but little leisure for solitude, or reflection, Mr. Clifford's house being crowded with a succession of visitors, who came to congratulate him on his daughter's marriage. We must add, much to the honour of Charlotte, that their congratulations were not made in opposition to their feelings: and what higher eulogium can we bestow on Charlotte's merit, than to declare that her prosperity excited no envy? Her uniform sweetness of disposition, her kind and unassuming manners, and constant attention to promote the satisfaction of others, had endeared her to all by whom she was known; and even those who had the greatest insensibility of temper, agreed, that if some one in the world must be more fortunate, more happy than themselves,

themselves, Charlotte was the very person who best deserved that distinguished lot.

Among Mr. Clifford's visitors was Mr. F——, who was dressed in deep mourning, and appeared in great dejection of spirits. In the course of a walk, which Mr. Clifford proposed, Mr. F—— took an opportunity of telling Julia, that he had lately lost his only brother. "The circumstances of his death," said he, "are such as I am unable to relate, but they were particularly affecting, and, if you will give me permission, I will send you a packet which contains the account, and which, I believe, will interest you." The next morning Julia received the following letters ;

" To G—— F——, Esq.

" Long Island, August, 1776.

" My dear Sir,

" To communicate afflicting intelligence is so painful a task, that I am only prompted to undertake it by the consideration that it is a duty which friendship on this occasion demands. I must not leave you to be informed by public report of our mutual misfortune. Your gallant brother, my dear friend, fell in the action of yesterday.

" As we marched to the attack, he was uncommonly gay. Having received a severe wound in the arm, he refused to leave the ranks, and continued to encourage the soldiers, till a second shot brought him to the ground ; and even then he would not permit any of the men to leave the action to carry him off. The surgeon dressed his wounds  
on

on the spot where he fell. After we had driven the enemy from the intrenchments, he was borne to a hut by four grenadiers. "Albeit unused to the melting mood," their cheeks were bathed in tears. As they passed one soldier who lay wounded on the ground, the poor fellow, seeing his officer, raised his languid head, and said, "God Almighty recover, and bless your honour!" My friend insisted on their stopping: he took the soldier by the hand, saying, "I thank you, my brave lad; be of good cheer, I'll send your friends for you directly." The soldier repeated, "God Almighty bless you!" and expired.

"I passed the night with your brother; and it was a most affecting night. He talked with much emotion of the anguish you would feel. He desired his effects might be given to certain officers whom he named: his ring to one; watch to another, &c. hoping they would keep them as remembrances of a departed comrade and friend. He then took from his bosom the profile of a young lady, whom I had often heard him mention with rapture. "Send this profile," said he, "by the first proper opportunity, to my beloved Sophia: let her know that I parted with this dear remembrance but in death!—Alas! how will she sustain this affliction?—Heaven support and comfort her!—Oh my Sophia! shall we meet no more?"

"His ruling passion, a thirst for military fame, did not forsake him even in these last moments; and I am convinced that he regretted his approaching dissolution most on account of its cutting him short in the career of glory. To me he made a present of his sword. "May it be your protector in the hour of danger," said he, laying his cold hand on mine—"and lead you to a degree of distinction, to which I once hoped it would have conducted

conducted me. I regret not the loss of life; but, my dear Edward, I do regret, like Douglas, "to be cut off glory's course"—"which," added he, with a dying voice, "never mortal was so fond to run!" Judge, my dear friend, how I was affected—how I am affected!—I cannot continue."

Julia found, inclosed in the foregoing letter, a packet which Mr. F—— had received from the same gentleman, some weeks after the former.

" My dear Sir,

" We are preparing to march, and I have only time to transmit to you the enclosed packet, which I received a few days ago. Adieu——God bless you.

" E. C."

" Sir,

" The intelligence you received by the messenger who brought your letter to me, conveying the tidings of Captain F——'s death, and enclosing my friend Sophia Herbert's profile, was alas! too true. When your messenger left this place, she lay in the delirium of a fever. You tell me, in your second letter, that a better principle than curiosity leads you to enquire into the history of this unfortunate attachment. To gratify this request will be a relief to my afflicted mind.

" Mr.



" Mr. Herbert had an estate in the neighbourhood of Norfolk, in Virginia, and his house was within half a mile of the town. This gentleman had two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, who was personally known to General Washington, had been appointed one of his aid-du-camps, and was with the main army: the younger son remained with his father, and was walking with him, and his sister, on the lawn before their house, when the cry of arms was heard. The young man hastily tore himself from his sister, flew to his arms, and rushed towards the town: his father prepared to follow. Surprise and horror had, for a few moments, deprived Sophia of the power of speech or motion; but she now clung round her father's neck, and implored him not to desert her. He disengaged himself from her hold, intreated her to be calm, and go instantly to the house; told her he would soon return, and recommended her to the care of Heaven.

" Sophia looked after him in silent agony, and, when he was out of sight, still continued standing in the same attitude, unable to shed a tear. At length she saw a soldier running past the end of the lawn, and called to him to stop. The soldier paused a moment—he was one of her father's tenants. " Ah, Madam," he exclaimed, " all is over; our troops have given way, and the English have set fire to the town; I have no time" ——" Stop," she eagerly cried, with horror in her looks, " Have you seen my father, and brother?" " Ah, Madam, you will never see your brother more; I served in his company, and saw him fall, and I fear——" Sophia waited not for more, she gave a piercing shriek, and flew with precipitation towards the town; but, as she approached, the sight of the spreading flames, the tumultuous

tumultuous cries of the women, and the clash of arms, made her shrink back involuntarily. She had, however, gone too far to retreat, and was mingled with a crowd of helpless women and children, who were flying in desperation, they knew not whither; some hastening from the scene of desolation, others returning, with distracted countenances, to save an aged parent or a helpless infant from the fury of the flames. Careless of danger, and almost insensible of her situation, Sophia still pressed forward, till she was stopped by a bleeding corpse which opposed her passage; when casting her eyes down, she perceived the features of her brother, disfigured by death, and covered with blood. She clasped her hands—her lips moved, but they had lost the power of utterance: her whole frame trembled, and she fell senseless on her brother's corpse.

“When she recovered, she found herself supported by an English officer, who gazed on her with a look of earnest solicitude. She appeared for some minutes unconscious of all that had passed; but, when her recollection returned, and she perceived the dead body of her beloved brother, her sufferings were renewed in all their bitterness. Disengaging herself from the arm that supported her, she pressed the remains of her brother to her bosom, and bathed them with her tears. The officer intreated she would permit him to lead her from that spot, telling her the flames would soon reach it, and that her life was in danger. “My brother!” she cried, “my beloved brother!” Then, starting with sudden horror, she exclaimed, “Oh merciful Heaven, my father! where’s my father?”

“She attempted to spring forward, but the officer seized her arm, assured her that the town

was nearly consumed, and entirely deserted, and begged she would suffer him to conduct her to some place of shelter.

“ Without daring to cast her eyes again on the fatal object at her feet, she walked slowly away, leaning on her protector’s arm. They turned from the town, and reached the lawn, which led by a gentle ascent to her father’s house. “ At the end of this lawn,” said she, “ is the dwelling where——” “ Ah, I fear,” answered the stranger; but, before he could proceed, Sophia lifted her eyes and perceived the whole mansion was in flames.

“ A person, wringing his hands in all the anguish of despair, approached: he was her father. She threw herself on his bosom; “ Have I still my dear father left me ?” said she, in a voice half choaked with sobs. “ My son !” exclaimed the wretched parent, “ my dear boy !”

“ After a scene which can be better imagined than described, Mr. Herbert and his daughter retired to a hamlet in the neighbourhood, where the English officer, Capt. F——, when he went to visit them the next day, found Sophia sitting by her father’s bedside, whom fatigue of body, joined to the most vehement emotions of mind, had thrown into a fever. His pulse throbbed violently, and his soul seemed bursting with indignation and despair. Sophia’s countenance was pale, and her looks spoke the complaints to which her lips refused utterance. Soon after Capt. F—— reached the cottage, a peasant led into the room an old man near eighty years of age; who was an Englishman, that had gone to America in his youth, as the servant of Mr. Herbert’s father, and now passed his declining years under the protection of the son. This old man had crawled to the town

the preceding night, in search of his master, and had been seen sitting under the shelter of a barn, by an American countryman who knew him, and led him to the cottage. Sophia flew with eagerness to meet him: she had been taught to reverence him in infancy, and more advanced years had confirmed the habit of childhood into a sentiment of the soul. Robert had served her grandfather with a simplicity of affection, and a pride of integrity, which claimed the warmest returns of gratitude. This valuable domestic had felt towards his master that sentiment of steadfast fidelity which Naomi expresses to Ruth, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"Sophia took the old man's arm from the countryman: "Robert," said she, "I hope you are not much hurt." "Ah, Miss Sophy," said he, shaking his head, "no matter, since you are safe, and my master." "Robert!" said Mr. Herbert; but his voice seemed choaked, and he did not attempt to proceed. "I see you are ill, Sir," replied the old man, "and no wonder. Poor Mr. Charles—I loved him like my own child, and he was pleased to let me call him so; but the dear youth is now"—A flood of tears bedewed the old man's cheeks; he wiped them away with his white locks "Ah, Robert," said Sophia, "you will kill us if you talk so." "I'll say no more," answered he, "though, if it had pleased Heaven to take a poor old man, and spare him"—"Sit down, and compose yourself," said Sophia. The officer assisted in placing him at the  
foot



foot of his master's bed. Mr. Herbert fixed his eyes upon him, with a gloomy look, in which despair was painted. "I am a good deal bruised," said the old man. "How were you bruised, Robert?" said Mr. Herbert. "Last night, Sir, when I found you were all three gone, what, thought I, should I stay for here? If any harm happens to them, thought I, I shall have nothing more to live for; so I crawled on, and reached the place where poor Mr. Charles—" Here the old man paused a moment. "I kissed his poor corpse, Sir, and spoke to it, as if it could answer me, and then when the flames came near, I dragged it away as well as I could; but my strength failed me, and I fell against some stones, that bruised me a good deal. So I lay all night by my poor young master's side; and when it grew light, and they came to bury the dead, I kissed his cold hand, and went a little way off: but I saw where they laid him; I shall know the spot if the grass *should* grow over it."

"Capt. F—— went up to Robert, and begged he would say no more: Robert answered, "I have done, Sir; he's in his grave; but if you had known him, Sir, so kind hearted and so humble he was:—He has often made me lay hold of his arm, and led me to my wicker seat at the end of the garden. Sit down, Robert, he would say, and bask a little in the sun, it will do you good: but it's all over now. Yes, Sir," turning to his master, "they have destroyed every thing—the shrubbery is all cut down, and torn to pieces, except a branch here and there, that is blown by the wind; it would have broke your heart to see it."

"Mr. Herbert's fever increased, and, for some days, his life was in danger. Captain F—— brought the surgeon of his regiment to visit him,

and witnessed, in his own frequent visits to the cottage, the filial piety of Sophia, who watched day and night by the bed-side of her father, attended him with unremitting tenderness, and at length had the consolation of seeing his health restored.

“ You will not wonder, Sir, that those distresses which rendered Sophia’s beauty more touching, and served to display the virtues of her heart, soon converted Captain F——’s pity into the enthusiasm of passion. Nor was Sophia insensible to the merit of her generous lover. Although Mr. Herbert lamented that Captain F—— was an Englishman, he did not suffer political prejudice to subdue those sentiments of esteem and gratitude which the conduct of that young man had nobly merited, and consented that his daughter should marry Captain F—— at the end of the summer campaign. Mean time he conducted her to this distant village, which he knew our early friendship would render an agreeable situation to her, while she waited the events of the summer. Before Mr. Herbert set out for this place, he went, attended by Sophia, to take a last look of his possessions. When Sophia had described to me the melancholy picture they presented, she added these words—“ I could bear to gaze upon the ruins of that once happy dwelling, did I consider them merely as the relics of lost splendor : but it was the scene of all my pleasures ! this is what affects me. Had the same ties, the same soothing recollections, endeared the shelter of a cottage, the straw that thatched its roof would have been sacred, and called forth my affections as forcibly as the mansion which is laid in dust. Passing by the side of that small stream which runs near the bottom of the lawn, I saw some of the sticks with  
which

which my father had himself formed my laurel bower, taken away by the current. They floated on the surface of the water; I looked after them with a vehement sensation, which I almost tremble to recall. When I turned, I spied some scattered branches of the laurel, which he had twisted round those very sticks, withering on the ground: I snatched them up instantly, bathed them with my tears, and have preserved them till their last leaf is withered."

"Mr. Herbert placed his daughter under my mother's protection, and soon after joined the army. Their separation was final; he fell in the first engagement; and Sophia, in the midst of her affliction at this event, received a most angry letter from her brother in Pennsylvania, who had heard with the utmost indignation of her engagements to Captain F——, and seemed to feel less concern for his father's death, than regret at the weakness which had led him to bestow his daughter on a man who had drawn his sword against America.

"Sophia lamented the prejudices of her brother, but determined to adhere inviolably to those engagements on which all her hopes of happiness depended, and which had received the sanction of parental authority. In the mean time she counted the hours of separation, which she believed, though long and melancholy, would at length pass away, and restore the object of her affection.

"While she indulged this fond illusion, your letter, conveying the fatal tidings of Captain F——'s death, arrived. Sophia received this intelligence without complaint. She shed no tear, but her blood seemed chilled in her veins: she started frequently, and there was a wildness and disorder in her countenance, that alarmed us for  
her

her reason. She was put to bed, her pulse beat high, the struggles which for some time past she had undergone, had weakened a frame naturally delicate. This last stroke she was unable to sustain, her fever increased every moment, and the following night her reason entirely forsook her. I perceived a sudden change in her manner that shocked me. "Do not be uneasy," said she, "I am better—much better—that bloody engagement at Long Island!—and yet he's safe—it was foolish to be so uneasy—I cried for whole nights together—my head still burns."

"The physician, who now entered the room, she mistook for her brother, and shrieked at the sight of him. "Oh my God!" cried the unhappy Sophia, "he's dead—and that's his murderer."—Then falling on her knees, "Save him—save him yet," said she, "have you the cruelty to kill him?—he loves you—indeed he does—I'm your sister—don't break my heart—spare him—spare him—Oh it's too late!—you've murdered him already :—fly—fly, my beloved—all that's dearest to my heart!—all that's left me on earth! fly for my sake—here—here—I'm ready to die—why look so at me?—I can't save you!—how he groans!—he's covered with blood—I can bear it no longer." She sprang up in the bed, but, overcome by these violent emotions, sunk back in a kind of stupor : I knelt by her bed-side, and she again revived a little. "Is that Captain F——?" cried she, putting out her hand, "Heaven—Heaven preserve!—Write whenever the battle's over—I shall have no rest till a letter comes." "Do you not know me, my dear friend," said I, taking her hand. "Yes, yes, there's no occasion to kneel—tell my brother I consent to our parting—but I can never love again—I never lov'd  
but



but one!—Who stands there?—mercy!—mercy! my brother!—bury yourself deep in earth—he's dead—quite dead—would you kill him in the grave?—have you no pity?—Oh, he feasts on my tears!—he scorns me!”

“Again exhausted by these efforts, she sunk into almost total insensibility; in which state she remained some hours: her pulse grew weaker every moment, and, as death approached, her reason was in some measure restored. She again opened her eyes, and asked for me; I flew to her. “My dear Frances,” said she, in a faint voice, “I feel myself dying: to you, my dear friend, I leave the care of our poor old servant; comfort, comfort the good old man for our loss.” Then, lifting up her hands and eyes, “Oh, my Creator and my judge,” cried she, “Thou, whom I have sought in the sincerity of my soul; thou, whose bounties in the days of my happiness I loved to acknowledge, forgive me if I have suffered affliction to prey too much upon my heart, and have shortened my life! Thou canst witness, that amidst my sorrows, never has one murmuring thought arisen against thee! Oh, best of beings! object nearest to my heart! of thy benevolence and goodness it has never doubted for a moment. When thy dispensations appeared dark and mysterious, I have looked round on nature, and seen it beaming with benignity and beauty. I have searched my own breast, and found it formed for happiness and virtue; and thou hast not formed it thus in vain. Thou wilt justify thy ways: thou hast afflicted me on earth, but my sufferings are past, and thou wilt make me for ever happy in thy presence.” Her voice now faltered—she looked on me—and expired. Oh, my friend! my sweet, my amiable companion! You, whose heart, far  
from

from being wrapped in selfish woe, could forget its own sufferings to comfort the unhappy; you, whose soothing pity could heal the wounds of the afflicted; who seemed born, in this period of general distress, to lighten the burden of human wretchedness; to be the ministering angel of sorrow!—where shall the desolate mourner now look round for aid? He asks thy sympathy, but thou canst not hear his complaint: it is only poured to the cold earth that covers thee! Oh, when I think of all thy perfections, the tenderness of thy disposition, the virtues of thy heart, how can I live without thee? How can I drag on a wretched existence which thy friendship endears no longer? But thou art happy. Yes, she is united to that amiable and unfortunate lover, whom she could not survive.

“ I have been visiting the grave where the remains of my friend repose. I have poured out my complaints; but the sorrow I feel is not for her, but for myself. She is at rest, and this cruel war had made her happiness impossible. Alas, how dreadful are the effects of war! Every form of evil and misery is in its train: the groans of despair are mingled with the song of triumph, and the laurels of victory are nourished with the tears of humanity.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient Servant,

“ FRANCES LAWRENCE.”

